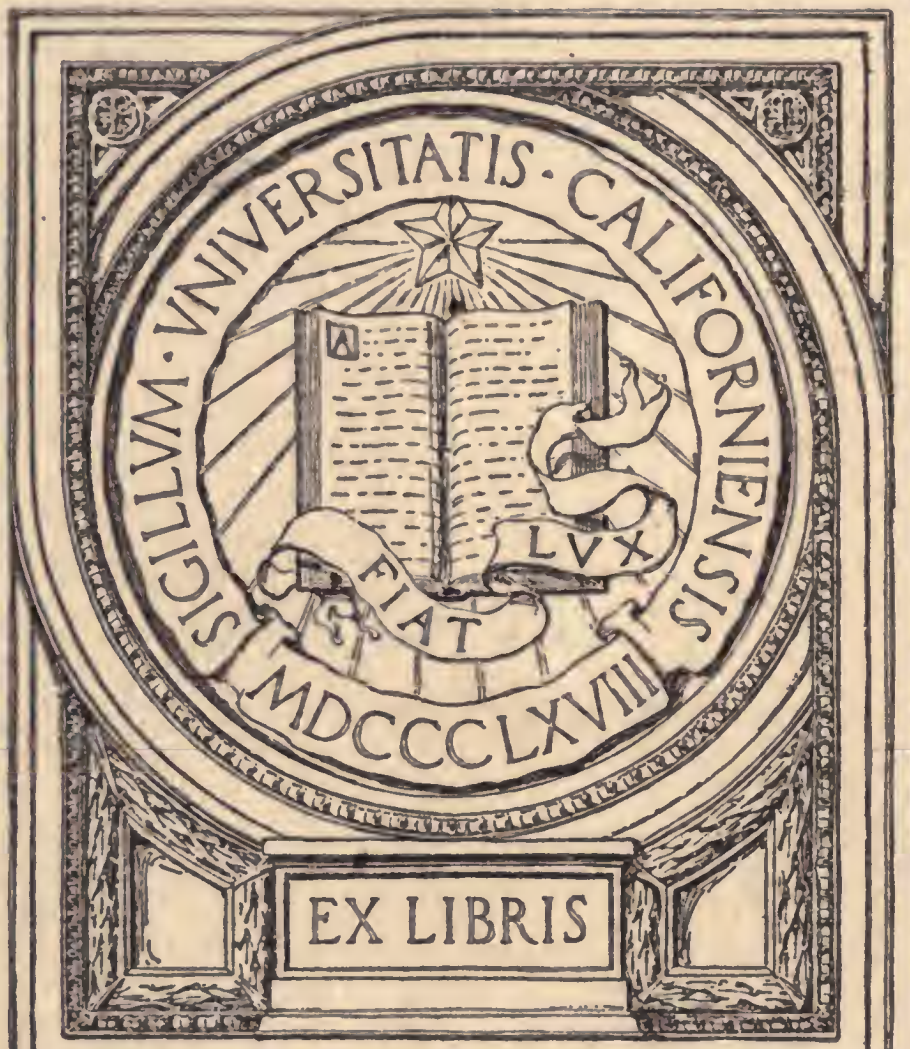
THREE MIDDLE ENGLISH ROMANCES

UC-NRLF
$B 252 135

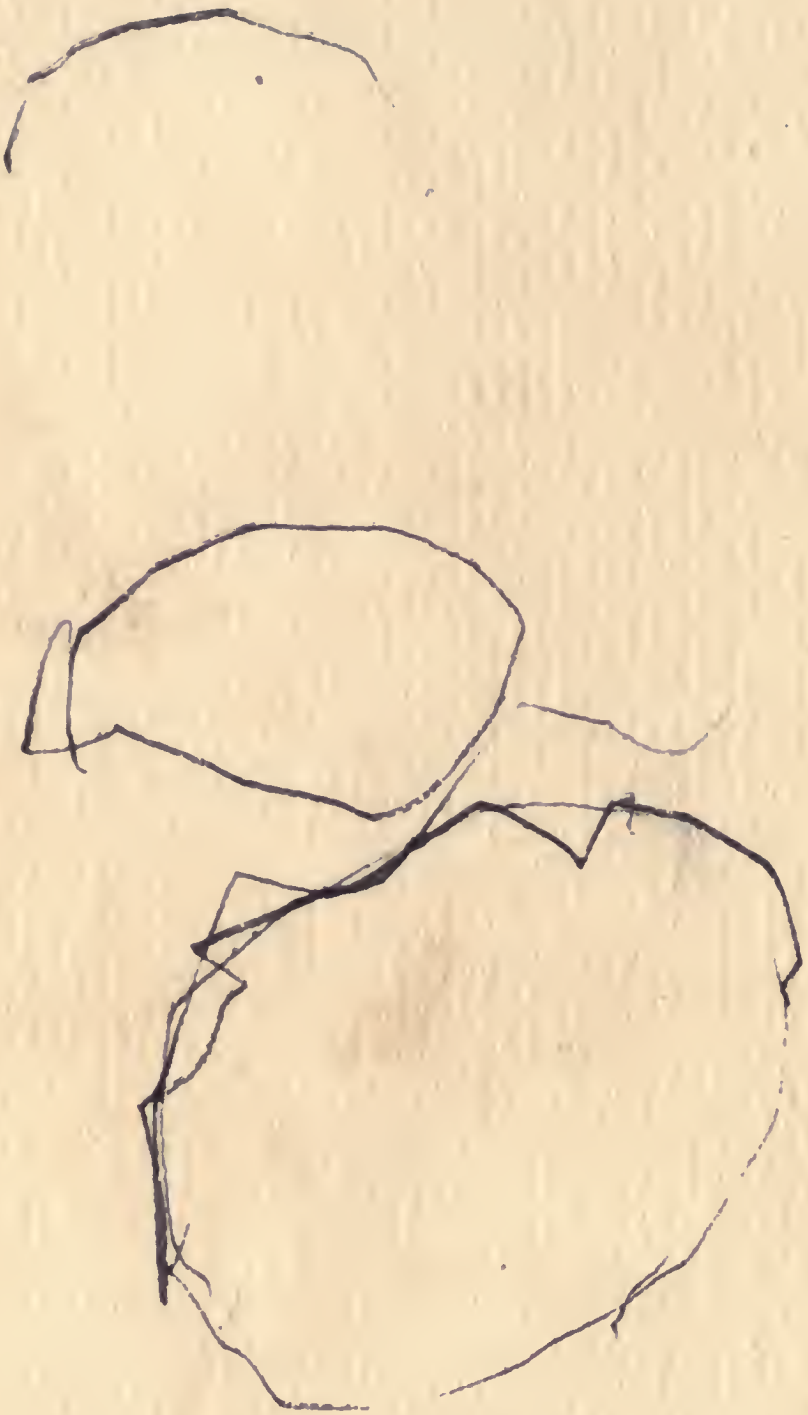
YB 76679

GIFT OF
Summer Session



988
H624
t

CUL



Three
Middle English Romances

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/threemiddleengli00loomrich

Three Middle English Romances

King Horn
Havelok
Beves of Hampton

RETOLD BY
LAURA A. HIBBARD

LONDON
DAVID NUTT, 57 TO 59 LONG ACRE, W.C.
1911

Gift of Summer Session

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

Alla mia Maestra

Sophie Jewett

392478

988
H624
大

Preface

IN retelling the *Horn*, *Havelok* and *Beves* stories, no effort has been made at exact word for word translation. The modern versions represent completely the incidents of the old, and in so far as possible their simplicity, even ruggedness of diction; but if one tried to reproduce the verbal repetitions, the queer tag phrases, the conventions, in short, of these minstrel and clerkly 'songs,' the modern general reader must inevitably say with Chaucer's Host, 'therein is ther no desport, ne game,' and read no further. One example will be sufficient proof. A literal translation of lines 7–26 of *Havelok* would read, 'Havelok was a very good lad. He was very good in every company. He was the strongest man at need that ever rode on any steed. That you may hear now, and the story you may learn. At the beginning of our tale fill me a cup of good ale and I will drink before I speak, that

Christ shield us all from hell. May Christ ever let us so to do that we may come to Him, and may He decree that it be so. Benedicamus, Domino! Here I shall begin a rhyme. May Christ give us good end! The rhyme is made of Havelok, a stalwart man in a crowd. He was the strongest man at need that ever rode a horse.'

Such fidelity to the text defeats entirely its own purpose, for it fails to give truth of effect; it fails to account for the diversion the mediaeval audience found in these romances, and for their consequent long popularity. To give something of that charm, to add nothing save where an omission in the older text necessitates reference to later versions, to omit nothing save that which seems the increment of convention, these have been my special principles in retelling the 'olde gestes.' In each case the modern version has been made from what is believed to be the oldest manuscript form, that of *Horn* from the Cambridge University MS., Gg. 4, 27; *Havelok* from the Laud MS., 108,

Bodleian Library; and *Beves* from the Auchinleck MS., Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

A final word may be said in explanation of the choice of these three romances and the reasons for their retelling. Together with *Sir Guy of Warwick* they form a distinctive group which reflects, more nearly than any other, the native element in English romance. As Mr. Schofield in his *English Literature from the Conquest to Chaucer*, and Mr. Atkins in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, point out, the motives and the circumstances of the four differentiate them notably from French and Breton romance. The latter has a developed chivalric and romantic code, 'a monotonous aristocratic colouring,' of which traces are seen in these English stories, but traces sometimes oddly at variance with the rude elements that point to an almost barbaric, pre-Conquest England. Such elements are especially plain in *Horn* and *Havelok*, which bring one near to the old adventure spirit of romance

untamed by courtly French conventions, and *Beves* and *Guy*, 'ponderous' as they are with foreign material, at least seem to have found their original impulse in the celebration of popular native heroes. It was because of the likeness between the last two in motive and method, and because of the tediously expanded length of *Guy*, that it seemed wise to omit his legend from the group. From the three that are told, it is hoped a fair idea may be gained of one of the most characteristic forms of mediaeval literature. That these stories, confessedly of a lesser music, are less near to that enchanted faëry land where twelfth- and thirteenth-century French poetry found such lovely inspiration, that they are the result of popular and not courtly demand, only increases their significance for the student of English literature.

L. H.

Mount Holyoke College,
April 1910.

Table of Contents

	PAGE
Preface	vii
Introduction	1
Bibliographical Note . . .	13
King Horn	15
Havelok	51
Sir Beves of Hampton . .	91

Introduction

THE *Geste of King Horn*, the oldest extant Middle English romance, is one of the briefest and the most picturesque. In 1548 verses of short rhyming couplets, the story is told with a ballad-like swiftness of action and with a unity rarely found in romance. *Horn* is essentially a love story; and though the love of the king's daughter for one supposedly humble, the seven-year exile, the forced marriage of the lover's lady to another, the disguises, the dreams that prophesy disaster, the magic ring that at love's thought makes the hero invulnerable, the heroic adventurings against impossible odds, are largely conventional incidents,[1] and are fused into a plot that overworks, with the true naïveté of romance, such good motives as rescues and Saracen invasions, yet withal, there is in the telling a freshness as of things untouched. Not quite like that of other mediaeval heroes is Horn's young joy in bird songs and the springing grass,

in the prancing steed that makes the courtyard ring with the sound of rattling armour. The poet who sings of him has a certain rough tenderness for beauty, human or natural, as he has for little children and for women. He loves his craft and glorifies it in such a passage as that in which he says: 'Horn should learn, above all knightly ways, of the harp and song.' But the poet's distinctive delight is his zest for youth and eagerness and ardent love, and his song of these goes most blithely and buoyantly.

One may feel, however, beneath romantic happening, as beneath the occasional description of things knightly and beautiful, an older, ruder life, a more childlike spontaneity. Mediaeval love story as this is, of the ever popular exile and return type,[2] it has a 'viking atmosphere.' Its place names have been variously identified according to theories of the saga's origin: Suddenne has been taken to mean South-Dane-land, Surrey, and the Isle of Man; Westernesse to be Ireland, and again the district around

Chester.[3] The one certainty is that these and many proper names[4] are closely connected with those whom the story calls 'Saracens black and hateful,' but who are very clearly the vikings whose heathen ravagings are drearily recorded in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.[5] Rymenhild is the sister of those queens of more ancient epics, Wealhtheow and the 'bright faced Gudrun,' as she passes the wine-cup to the feasting warriors, and in Horn himself, though the thirteenth-century poet delights in his 'gentilesse,' his chivalric virtue, he cannot quite conceal the wild young warrior who looms behind the mediaeval knight. Like another Beowulf, he travels always by ship; he is scarcely more lover than he is sea rover, loving the quest of new things; he is vengeful and merciless. Gaily he brings the head of an enemy to gladden his king's feast; and so, doubtless, would have done that Horm, the Dane who invaded Ireland in 851, with whom the romance hero has now been identified.[6] Like unworn flint, the antecedent savagery of the tale strikes through the additions necessitated

by Christian sentiment and chivalric circumstance.

Guided in part by such divergences, the development of *King Horn* is not hard to conceive. In its primitive form in England it was probably a song of the Danish invaders. Too lively and forceful to be forgotten, it was preserved among the English, who transmitted it in turn, either orally or in some lost written form, to the conquering Normans. In the twelfth century it was written down, with all the accretions of romance, as the tale of *Horn et Rymenhild*,[7] by Thomas, an Anglo-Norman. About 1250, probably in the dialect of North-west Surrey,[8] some anonymous poet, bearing the older story in mind and fashioning it simply but graphically to his own day, brought forth the *Geste*.

Of an ancestry very like *Horn's* is the *Vita Havelok, quondam Rex Anglie et Denmarchie*. Here the germ of historical fact was more actual, but the fame of that Anlaf or Olaf Sitricson, who seems by his nickname Cuaran (of the sandal) and by

his more or less similar deeds, the prototype of the saga hero,[9] speedily took on a legendary character. Anlaf's name occurs in the Chronicle's jubilant song on the battle of Brunanburgh in 937, but by the time of the Danish occupation of England his exploits, confused with those of later Danish heroes,[10] were matters of patriotic delight for the conquerors. That, in truth, he was exiled from his own home, that he did marry the daughter of Constantine the king of the Scots, that he won back his realm of Northumbria, if only for a time, made it inevitable that his history should become, like Horn's, romance of the regular exile and return type. Since *Havelok* concludes with the peaceful reign of a Danish king in England, it has been pointed out that the earliest complete form of the legend may have been formulated in the reign of King Canute.[11] Whether it was propagated by Danish or Welsh or English minstrels, some lost Old English version must have had much the same general form as the Middle English romance.[12] This, a poem of some three thousand

verses in rather irregular short rhyming couplets, and written in a northern dialect of East Anglia,[13] has a content far older than that of the two French versions which are extant in older manuscript forms.[14]

In *Havelok* the glossing of romance is even slighter than in *Horn*. No courtly poet, but a wanderer who knows what it is to travel afoot and lack bread on the table, is this minstrel who begs for a cup of ale before his story begins. His audience is humble, men who have, perhaps, just come from the plow, and the buxom wives and daughters of the Lincolnshire villagers. They seem to have gathered in some wayside tavern or manor kitchen, and one feels how anxiously the story-teller strives for their good-humoured interest. With deft flattery he keeps the scene of his story in such simple surroundings as the folk around him might best know; in the kitchen of an earl's house with its peat fires and tubs of water; in a humble cottage with its stone paved floor; on the Lincoln green where the village champions wrestled and put the stone. All his

figures of speech are of equally lowly circumstance; men are driven forth 'like dogs from a mill house'; a man fears another as 'a hack the spur'; a clamour is like that of a 'bull caught in a hole.' He appeals to the simple piety of his listeners in expressive little proverbs, 'Old sin makes new shame,' 'Where God will help nothing harms,' or in apostrophizing his villain as Judas. He uses their homely vocabulary in such phrases as 'span-new clothes,' and he brings romance to their own doors by mentioning familiar proper names like Griffin Gall and Bernard Brown, or by giving prominence to such occupations as plowing and fishing. Grim, the poor fisherman, for instance, serves in part as the *deus ex machina* of the story. His catches are quaintly recounted, and elsewhere food stuffs are described in interested detail, as if the minstrel had an eye to some listening cook or scullion in his audience. He describes typical sports with a zest that has outlasted the centuries, and it was his song, it may be, immortalizing Havelok's feat at Lincoln, that came to that curious

antiquary, Robert Manning of Brunne, and caused him to tell in a passage inserted about 1338 in his translation of Peter de Langtoft's *Chronicle*, how 'men sais in Lyncoln castelle ligges yit a stone that Havelok cast.' [15] The minstrel, moreover, makes of Havelok that nobly born, good-hearted and heavy-handed type of hero most dear to the English heart. His storied association with the poor and humble had that piquant flavour which gave such long popularity to the ballads of 'The King and the Tanner' or 'The King and the Miller.' His varying fortunes, from his days as the ragged scullion boy to those as king of England and Denmark, had in them the thrill of quick and lively adventure. Despite certain passages where enjoyment borders on a brutality not far removed from that belonging to the time of Olaf Cuaran's savage onslaughts, the story of *Havelok* has a bluff heartiness, a delight in physical prowess, a keen-eyed alertness to common things, that give it distinctive vigour and realism.

Beves of Hampton differs materially

from both *Horn* and *Havelok*. Although originally, perhaps, a viking tale of the tenth century,[16] in its extant forms it is a typical romance of adventure. There is no notably English feature in it save a few place-names and the obviously late addition telling of Beves's fight with the London citizens.[17] It would seem, rather, that Beves was an international character. Five versions of his story in French, six in Italian, others in Scandinavian, Dutch, and Welsh, attest his popularity; in Russia 'he was the most acclimated hero of the chivalric epic.'[18] The wide wandering of his story was like his own fabled adventurings, from England to Africa, and up and down the length and breadth of Europe.

Like a rolling ball it seems to have gathered up widely divergent motives and incidents, and in itself aptly illustrates the catholicity of mediaeval taste. There is scarcely an incident in it that may not be paralleled in some one of such famous romances as *Guy of Warwick* or *Lancelot de Lake*, which it mentions by name, or in *Tristram, William of Palerne, or Ferumbras*.

Much of the phraseology is the stock-in-trade sort, long tried and dear to the children-like lovers of mediaeval story.[19] Traces of Germanic folk lore are found in the animal fights, and other motives suggest Greek,[20] Persian, Middle High German, and old French stories.[21] The influence of the Crusades is evident in the importance of Saracen conquest, and the belligerency of a militant age reveals itself in the detailed account of four single combats and five pitched battles. The romantic element is enlivened, as in most cases where Crusading influence entered in, by spirited wooing on the part of the young Saracen heroine; and the supernatural, through magic rings and herbs of healing, lends the ever delightful touch of mystery. Finally, the bourgeois element, indicative of the passing of romance from courtly lips and courtly audience, adds its touch of real and simple life. Like any little lad of a village housewife, Beves is taken by the ear; he is a rude and awkward lover; Josian, in a scene like that of Brunhild in the *Nibelungenlied*, over which ' one can hear the old-time audience

chuckling,' hangs her unwelcome husband on the wall; and Ascopard's attempted baptism is a scene of pure burlesque comedy.

From all this, then, it may be concluded that the author of *Beves* was of different character and purpose from those who wrote *Horn* and *Havelok*. These stories have in them more clearly the sound of the minstrel's voice; they were better, probably, in the telling than in the writing, but in *Beves* one feels a clerkly, fourteenth-century scribe at work. Though possibly inspired by local pride, for his Southern dialect would indicate a home in the neighbourhood of Southampton,[22] he wrote down no native English 'song,' but followed a French original, deviating from it only in the way of expanded detail and such additions as a typical dragon fight or a battle, which seemed to him necessary ingredients in the ample proportions of romance. He knew his 'olde bokes' and made industrious, generous use of them. The result is a tale of 4620 verses, interesting enough as a kind of summary of popular mediaeval motives, but well open

to the elvish ridicule of a Chaucer, who jeers at such long-winded 'merriness' and solemnly parodies from it most of the metre of his *Sir Thopas*. The two entirely different metres of *Beves*, the tail-rhymed six-line stanzas of the first 474 lines, the short rhyming couplet of the remainder, may, perhaps, be explained by that lack of decisive literary consciousness which distinguishes the imitators from the originators of a popular literary fashion. In *Beves*, despite the old-fashioned, undying charm of a story for the story's sake, one may see clearly the forces that brought about the degeneracy of metrical romance.

Bibliographical Note

1. Wissman, T., 'Studien zu Horn,' *Anglia* IV, 398: Halle, 1881. See also F. J. Child, 'English and Scottish Ballads,' I, 187: Boston, 1884.
2. Schofield, W. H.,'English Literature from the Norman Conquest to Chaucer,' p. 261: New York, 1906.
3. Schofield, W. H., 'Horn and Rymenhild,' *Modern Language Publications* XVIII, 1: Baltimore, 1903.
4. Morsbach, L. 'Die angebliche Originalitat des frühmittenglischen *King Horn*.' Beitr. z. rom. u. engl. Phil.: Halle, 1902.
5. 'The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle,' ed. C.Plummer. See Index and entries for years 693, 832: Oxford, 1889.
6. Deutschbein, M., 'Studien zur Sagengeschichte Englands; Horn, Havelok, Tristram, Boeve, Guy,' p. 15: Cöthen, 1906.
7. 'Horn,' ed. P. Michel: Paris, 1845. The Middle English text is edited by G. McKnight, Early English Text Society (E.E.T.S.): London, 1901.
8. 'King Horn,' ed. Joseph Hall, p. xliv: Oxford, 1901.
9. Billings, A. H., 'A Guide to English Metrical Romances,' p. 18: New York, 1901.
10. Heyman, H., 'Studies on The Havelok Tale,' p. 68: Upsala, 1903.
11. Ten Brink, B., 'History of English Literature,' p. 234 (English translation): New York, 1889.
12. Kupferschmidt, M., 'Romanischen Studien,' IV. 411. Reviewed in *Romania* IX, 480; Paris, 1880.

13. Hupe, H., '*Anglia*' XIII, 186: Halle, 1891.
14. 'Lai d'Havelok,' ed. F. Madden, Roxburgh Club: London, 1828.
15. 'Havelok,' ed. W. W. Skeat, p. ix; E.E.T.S., 1868.
16. Suchier, H., 'Bibliothethaca Normannica' VII. cxcv, 1899. But see also Leo Jordan, 'Uber Boeve de Hamtone,' p. 59, Halle, 1908, or R. Zenker, 'Das altfranzosische Epos von Boeve de Hamtone und der Ursprung de Hamlet Sage.' *Literar-historischen Forschungen*, Band XXXII: Berlin, 1909.
17. 'Beves of Hamtoun,' ed. E. Kolbing, p. xxxiv: E.E.T.S., 1894.
18. Wasselofsky, A., Materiaux et Recherches pour servir a l'Histoire du Roman et de la Novelle, Tome III, 229–305. Reviewed in *Romania* XVIII, 313.
19. Schmirgel, C. 'Typical Expression and Repetitions in "Sir Beves of Hamtoun,"' Kolbing's edition, p. xlv.
20. Zenker, pp. 318, 398.
21. Deutschbein, pp. 194, 211.
22. 'Beves,' ed. Kölbing, p. xxv.

King Horn

King Horn

MAY every man be blithe who hears my song! It is of Murry I sing, a king in the west. His queen, the loveliest of ladies, was Godhild, and his son was Horn. Rain could not fall nor sun shine on a boy more fair; at fifteen he was bright as glass, white as a lily, and rose red. To sport with him he had twelve comrades, rich men's sons and noble lads, and of them he loved two the most, Athulf, the good, and Fikenhild, the bad.

Of King Murry's death

It was on a summer's day that good King Murry, riding as was his wont beside the sea, found there fifteen ships filled with bold Saracens. When he asked what they sought or were bringing to the land, a pagan answered him quickly: 'We will kill the folk here and all who believe in Christ, and thyself first of all. Not to-day shalt thou escape!'

The king lighted down from his horse,

for need did he have, and so had those two knights who alone were with him. Gripping their swords they struck together beneath the shields so that some felt it. But the king had all too few against so many wicked ones, and easily the pagans brought the three to death. They came into the land then and seized it; they conquered the people and destroyed the churches. Neither kinsmen nor strangers might live unless they forsook their own and followed the faith of the heathen. Of all women Godhild became the most pitiable; she wept sorely for Murry and yet more for Horn. Leaving her hall and her maidens, she lived under a stony rock in solitude, and no pagan knew how she served God there, despite their forbidding. Always she prayed that Christ would be merciful to Horn.

How Horn is sent to sea

Now Horn and all his companions were in the hands of the heathen. If it had not been for his beauty, great because Christ made him, they would have killed him and all the children; there were some who would have flayed him alive. Then

out spoke a bold-worded Emir: 'It is easy to see thou art brave, Horn. Big and strong and beautiful thou art, and larger still shalt thou be in seven years. It might well chance, if thou and thy comrades escape alive, that ye should slay us all for vengeance of thy father's death. So ye shall go now to a ship, and the sea shall drown you in its depths, and little shall we care.'

With that the children, who were wringing their hands, were brought down to the strand and put aboard the ship. Sorrowful had Horn been before, but never so much as then. The tide took them and Horn began to row, but the sea drove the ship so fast the children were afraid. All that day and all that night they thought to die, until dawn sprang up and Horn saw land, and men passing to and fro. 'Oh, young friends,' he cried, 'I have tidings. I hear bird songs, I see the springing grass. Blithe are we to be alive; our ship has reached the shore.'

As they left the boat and set foot on the ground, Horn said: 'O ship, mayst thou

have good days on the sea flood, and may the water never drown thee! If thou comest to Suddenne, greet well all my kin, greet thou well my mother, Godhild, the good queen, and say to the pagan king, that foe of Christ, that I am safe come into this land; say, too, that he shall have death from my hand.'

The fair youths meet King Ailmar

By dale and down, the children went until they met with Ailmar, king of Westernesse, to whom may Christ give bliss. In kind words he asked Horn: 'Whence are ye, noble youths? By God who made me, I have never seen in any place of the west, thirteen lads so fair. Tell me what ye seek.'

Horn was the best of wit and the most beautiful, and he answered: 'We are of Suddenne, of noble kindred and of Christian blood. Pagans came and killed our people. So Christ help me, we were put into a galley and for two days, without sail or rudder, we were sport for the sea. Our ship swam to this land's edge, and thou mayst kill us or bind our hands behind us, but if it be thy will, help us that we do not die.'

Then said the good king, who was surely never a dastard: 'Tell me, child, what is thy name? Thou shalt have nought but joy now.'

'I am called Horn,' said the boy, 'and I come from the ship. May good betide thee, lord.'

'Fulfill thy naming, Horn,' answered the king, 'for the loud sound of thee shall go over hill and dale; from king to king shall thy name leap, and thy glory and the strength of thy hand through this realm of the west and through every other land. Thou art so sweet, Horn, I can not let thee go.'

Then King Ailmar rode homewards with his foundling and all those companions who were dear to him. When the king reached his hall, he called to him among his knights, Athelbrus, the steward of his house.

'Steward,' he said, 'take here my foundling to teach him thy art. Teach him of the wood and of the river, teach him to harp with nails sharply pointed, to carve before me, and to serve the cup. Teach him all that pleases thee of

whatsoever thou knowest, and his fellows rear in ways of other service. But teach Horn of the harp and song.'

Of Rymenhild's love

Then Athelbrus began instructing Horn and his fellows, and Horn held in his heart all that he learned. Everywhere in court and out, men loved him, and of them all Rymenhild, the king's own daughter, came to love him most. Constantly she thought of him, and presently with the care and woe of longing in her heart she grew nigh mad. Neither by day nor night could she speak a word to him at the board, nor in the hall among the knights, nor in any other place, for she had fear of the people. Her grief and her pining never ceased until, at last, she sent a message to Athelbrus that he should come to her bower and bring Horn with him. The message said she lay sick and sad. At that the steward was anxious-hearted for he knew not what to do. A great wonder did it seem to him that Rymenhild would have Horn brought to her, nor did he think it was for any good. So he took another with him, Athulf, the brother of Horn.

'Athulf,' he said, 'thou must go with me now to speak in secret with Rymenhild and learn her will. In Horn's likeness thou shalt deceive her, for I sorely fear she will lead him to harm.'

Then Athelbrus led Athulf into the bower, and Rymenhild, believing it was Horn, grew wild with her love. On the couch she placed him and laid her two arms about him. 'Horn,' quoth she, 'long and greatly have I loved thee. Now here on my hand plight thy troth to hold me for thy wife as I shall hold thee for my lord.'

Then Athulf whispered softly in her ear: 'Cease thy story, I beseech thee, for Horn is not here, nor are we alike. Horn is more fair and rich and greater than any man that ever lived. Though he were beneath the earth or hence a thousand miles, I would deceive neither him nor thee.'

Rymenhild turned her round and bitterly she accused Athelbrus. 'Go hence, thou wretched thief; never again will I hold thee true. Go out from

my bower. Shame shalt thou have and hang on the high gallows.'

Athelbrus fell to the ground. 'Oh, my own lady,' he cried, 'listen a little space. Hear why I was afraid to bring Horn. Rich he is and noble, and Ailmar, the good king, gave him into my care. If he were here and thou didst sport with him, the king would make us sorry. Yet forgive me thy pain, Rymenhild, and I will bring Horn, reck it who will.'

'Go quickly,' she said and laughed, 'and after nones, when the king goes forth to ride in the woods, send Horn in a squire's dress to me. There will be no one to betray him.'

Athelbrus went from her and found Horn in the hall pouring red wine before the king's seat. 'Horn,' he said, 'go quickly now to the women's place to speak with Rymenhild. Have bold words in thy heart, and, Horn, be true to me, and thou shalt not rue it.'

In Rymenhild's bower

Horn laid in his heart all that was said and very soon he went to bright Rymenhild, and kneeling, he sweetly greeted her. His beauty lightened all the bower.

Gentle was his speech and no man needed to teach him. 'Fair dost thou sit and softly, Rymenhild, thou daughter of the king, with thy six maidens beside thee. Our king's steward sent me to thy bower to speak with thee. Say what thou wilt and I shall hear thy will.'

Rymenhild took him by the hand. She placed him on the dais, and made him fair cheer with all that he would have to drink of wine. She put her arms about his neck and kissed him as often as was her will. 'Horn,' she said, 'have pity on me and plight me thy troth. Without trouble shalt thou have me for thy wife.'

Then Horn bethought him what he might best answer. 'Christ guard thee and give thee joy and bliss of thy husband wherever he shall be, but I am too lowly for a lady such as thee. Of thralls I am, thy father's foundling too, and against Nature would it be for us to wed. No fair wedding would that be between a thrall and a king.'

Now little did Rymenhild like this and, sighing bitterly, she dropped her arms and swooned and fell. Grief came to Horn

then and he took her in his arms. He kissed her often as he cried: 'O lover dear, steer now thy heart. Help me to be dubbed by my lord the king, and when my thraldom is lost in knighthood, I shall be great and do thy bidding, dear.'

Sweet Rymenhild awoke from her swoon. 'Thou shalt be dubbed a knight, Horn, ere seven days are gone. Take this cup and this ring to Athelbrus, the steward, and see that he keeps his word. Say that I beseech him to ask the king to knight thee. Silver and gold shall requite him well. Christ give him speed to do thy will.'

The Knighting of Horn

At this Horn departed, for it was nearly evening, and he sought for Athelbrus and gave him what he brought; quickly he told how he had fared, and of his own need and of Athelbrus' reward. Blithely Athelbrus went into the hall. 'O king,' he cried, 'hearken to a tale. Here tomorrow with thy crown on thy head thou shalt keep thy feast, and there among the guests it were good to dub Child Horn. A brave knight will he yield thee!'

'That is well thought,' answered the king quickly. 'Greatly hath Horn pleased me, and I will dub him and afterward he shall be my darling. He himself shall knight his twelve comrades.'

Then did it seem long to Ailmar before the daylight came and Horn and his fellows stood before him, Smiting him a little blow, the king dubbed him knight and bade him be brave, and gave him a sword; put boots and shining spurs on his feet and set him on a white horse. After this Athulf fell on his knees before the king.

'O noble king,' he cried, 'give me a boon. Horn of Suddenne is lord of our land and of us, and now that he is a knight with thy arms and shield, let him dub us too, for that is his right.'

When Ailmar had answered, 'Do as thou wilt,' Horn lighted down from his steed and made them all knights. Merry was the feast then and fair were the guests, but to Rymenhild, who was not there, it seemed like seven years. At last she sent for Horn and he went to her bower, but not alone, for he would have

Athulf with him. Rymenhild stood waiting, glad to see Horn's coming. 'Welcome, Sir Horn,' she cried, 'and Athulf, thou knight. Now is the time come, Horn, for keeping thy word. If thou art true of deed, take me to wife. Thou hast thy will, unbind me from pain.'

'Cease, Rymenhild,' he answered, 'for I will do thy wish. But first I must ride forth, spear in hand, proving my knighthood. We are but young knights of a day and in the way of knights we must do who fight for their lady ere they take a wife. For that reason the more haste have I. To-day if Christ help me, I shall do brave deeds on the battle field for thy love's sake. If I come back alive, then shall I wed thee.'

'True knight,' she said, 'I believe thee. Take this golden ring, for good is its adorning. On it is engraved, "Rymenhild the Young," and no man beneath the sun can tell of a better. Wear it for my love's sake. The stones have such grace that never in any place needst thou be afraid of wounds, nor a treacherous death, if thou wilt look upon it and think of thy

lover. Thy brother, Sir Athulf, shall have a like one. To God I entrust thee, Horn, and may Christ bring thee back.'

When she had blessed him, the knight kissed her and took his leave. He strode to the hall where all the knights were gathered and from there to the stable. There he took his coal black steed and all the courtyard rang as the leaping horse shook Horn's coat of mail. Merrily he sang as he rode on for a mile or more, until he came to a shipload of pagans. He asked them what they sought or brought to land, and one of them answered fiercely that they would conquer the land and kill its people. Then Horn gripped his sword and wiped it on his arm. His blood grew hot as he struck at the heathen, and at each blow a head fell. But the dogs gathered round him, there alone, until he thought of Rymenhild. Then hastily he slew at least a hundred, and of those who were left alive, none would ever prosper. On his sword's point Horn took their master's head and went home to the hall.

Of a great deed

'O king,' he cried,-' well mayst thou

sit, and thy knights with thee. To-day, after my dubbing, I rode forth for sport and I found a ship rowed by Saracens, by no native men, who were come to conquer thee and thine. They attacked me, but my sword did not fail. In a little time I smote them all to the ground, and I have brought thee their king's head. Now have I repaid thee, O king, who made me knight.'

How an evil dream fell true

It was on the day after this that, at early morning, the king rode forth for a hunt. Fikenhild, that worst of every mother's son, rode by his side. But of him Horn thought nothing and in search of adventure he went into the bower. There in the sunlight, as if she were beside herself, sat Rymenhild with tears on her cheeks. Horn cried to her: 'Dear, why dost thou weep so sadly?'

'I am not weeping now,' she answered, 'but I shall ere I sleep. In a dream I thought I cast a net in the sea but it would not stay whole. A great fish broke the net, and I think now that I shall lose the fish that I would have.'

'May Christ and St. Stephen change

thy dream,' quoth Horn, 'but I shall never deceive nor displease thee. I shall make me thine own, acknowledged of all men, and to that I pledge my troth.' But there was sorrow at that pledging and Rymenhild wept, and secretly fell Horn's own tears.

'Lover dear,' he said, 'hearken more. Thy dream must change, or some one will bring us harm. Torment does that fish bring us that broke the line, and soon shall we see it.'

Now while Horn lay in the bower, Fikenhild, in mad envy, said to the king, as he rode by the river Stour: 'Ailmar, I warn thee Horn will bring thee shame. I heard where he vowed to have thy life and take Rymenhild for his wife. Even now he lies with her in the bower as he has often done. There wilt thou find him, if thou goest straightway.'

Moodily and with mourning, Ailmar turned and went quickly to the women's place. He found Horn lying on Rymenhild's breast. 'Away, thou vile thief!' he cried, 'never more shalt thou be dear to me! Go out from my hall or with my

sword I shall smite thee. Go out from my land or thou shalt have shame.'

Horn saddled his steed, he put on his arms, laced his corselet into place, and took up his sword; he did not delay overlong. Quickly he went to Rymenhild, his wife. 'Lover darling,' he said, 'now hast thou thy dream. The fish that rent thy net hath sent me from thee. The king is angered and drives me away. Farewell, Rymenhild, no longer can I stay. In an unknown land, finding new things, I shall stay for seven years. If then I do not come or send, wed thou a new husband, and do not wait for me. Now take me in thy arms and kiss me long.'

Rymenhild kissed him and fell to the ground. Horn took his leave, for he might stay no longer. Athulf, his brother, he clasped around the neck and said: 'True knight, keep well my love; forsake me not and guard and care for Rymenhild.' With that he bestrode his steed and rode forth to the harbour, where he hired a good ship to take him out of the western land. Athulf and all who saw him wept.

Now the wind rose and drove Horn to Ireland, where he landed. By the wayside he found the two sons of the king; one was called Harild and the other was Berild, who asked Horn to tell his name and purpose. **Horn in Ireland**

'Cutberd,' he answered, 'I am called, and I come out of the ship. From the far west am I, and I seek for gain.'

Berild rode near to him and took his bridle, saying, 'Good is it to find thee, knight; stay with me now for a space, for as surely as I shall die, thou must serve the king. Never in my life have I seen arrive so noble a knight.'

Leading Cutberd to the Hall, Berild knelt before the good king and greeted him. 'Sire king,' he said, 'thou must do for this man. Let him defend thy kingdom and no one shall harm it. He is the best of all who have ever come here.'

The dear king welcomed Berild and bade him make Horn glad. 'But when thou farest to thy wooing, Berild,' he said, 'leave Cutberd thy glove; from the one thou wouldst have for wife, he shall

drive thee away. Because of Cutberd's beauty, thou wilt never speed well.'

The giant's challenge

Now when it came Christmastide, the king made a feast with his best knights, and there, suddenly, a giant appeared. 'Sit still, sire king, and hear my tidings. Pagans have arrived here in thy land. One of them will fight against three knights of thine, and if the three slay our man, the land shall be thine; but if our man overcomes thy three, it shall be ours. Let the fighting be to-morrow at the dawn of day.'

'Cutberd shall be one, Berild another, and the third his brother Harild,' replied King Thurston, 'for they are the strongest and the best in arms. But I fear death will come to us.'

Then Cutberd, who was sitting at the board, spoke. 'Sire king, there is no justice in the fight of one against three, three Christian men against one hound. O sire, with my sword and alone easily shall I bring that one to death.'

On the morrow the king rose up sorrowfully, and Cutberd, leaving his bed, put on his armour, and went to the king.

'Let us go to the field, O king,' he cried, 'where thou shalt watch how we fight.' They rode out at the hour of prime, and in a green place they found the giant, his comrades beside him, awaiting their doom. Cutberd began the battle and blows enough he gave. The giant fell swooning and his comrades withdrew. He cried out: 'O knight, please thee to rest awhile. Never have I felt such broad blows from any man's hand except from Murry, of Horn's kindred, whom I killed in Suddenne.'

Then Horn grew terrible and his blood rose as he saw before him the one who had driven him from his land and murdered his father. Drawing his sword, he looked on his ring, thought of Rymenhild, and smote the giant through the heart. The pagan hounds, so bold before, began to flee, but Horn and his company went swiftly after and slew them all ere they reached their ships. Dearly did they pay for his father's death! Few there of all the king's knights were slain, but the king saw his two sons killed before him. He wept and lamented as men laid them on

their bier and quickly buried them. When he was at home in his hall, he said: 'O Cutberd, do as I shall bid thee. Dead are both my heirs, and thou art a knight of great renown and strength, and fair of thy body's length. Thou shalt rule my kingdom and marry my daughter Reynild.'

'Sire king,' answered Cutberd, 'wrongly should I receive thy daughter, as thou hast commanded me, or reign over thy kingdom. Far longer shall I serve thee, my king, ere death takes thee, and before seven years thy sorrow shall pass away. When it is gone, then give me my reward, and when I ask for thy daughter, do not refuse her.'

Of Rymenhild's danger

Now fully six years Cutberd dwelt there, nor did he send word to Rymenhild nor go himself. Meanwhile she was sorrowful in Westernesse, for a king came there who wished to marry her, and he and Ailmar were at one about that wedding. The days grew few and Rymenhild dared not delay. A message she devised which Athulf wrote for her, and she sent her messenger to seek Horn in every land. But Horn heard nothing until one day,

as he went forth for woodland shooting, he met the page, and asked him: 'Comrade dear, what dost thou seek here?'

'I can tell thee quickly, knight, if that is thy wish,' answered the boy. 'I come seeking Horn, a knight of Westernesse, for a maiden Rymenhild, who sorrows for him night and day. King Modi of Reynes, an enemy of Horn's, will marry her. Far have I walked along the seashore, but never can I reach him by any word, nor ever can he be found. Oh, alas the while! Rymenhild will be betrayed.'

Horn hearkened and spoke through bitter tears. 'Good betide thee, lad; Horn stands by thy side. Go back to Rymenhild and tell her not to mourn. By Sunday prime, in good season, I shall be there.'

Joyously the boy hastened away, but beneath Rymenhild's bower, where the sea flowed, he drank of it. Well might she grieve for that! When she undid the doorpin of her house and looked out to see if there were any sign of Horn, she found the drowned boy. She wrung her hands then.

Meanwhile Horn went to King Thurston and told him the tidings, how he was known, how Rymenhild was his, how he was son of the king of Suddenne, and how he had slain his father's murderer. 'O King,' he cried, 'repay me my service now, help me to win Rymenhild, and I shall marry thy daughter into a good house. She shall have for husband Athulf, my true fellow, and a noble among the best.'

The king told him to have his will, and sent writs through Ireland after Irish knights, quick in fighting. Many came to Horn and in a good galley he started on his way. The wind and sea took him to Westernesse, where he struck sail and mast, and cast his anchor. Sunday was come and the mass sung for Rymenhild and King Modi while Horn was on the water; no later might he have come! He left his ship, and going on the land, hid his people in the wood. As lonely as if he had sprung from stone, he went on until he met a palmer, whom he greeted fairly and asked his story.

'I come from a bridal,' said the palmer. 'I was at the wedding of Maid Rymenhild, who could not keep from tears. She said she had a husband, though he was away. I was at the gate within the castle wall, but they would not let me in, and I came away, for I would not abide such grief. Pity it is when a bride weeps so sorely.' **The palmer's tale**

'Christ help me, we will change garments,' quoth Horn; 'take here my clothes and give me thy pilgrim's cloak. I shall drink there to-day so that some shall repent it.'

Nothing loath, the palmer laid down his robe and took Horn's, and Horn took the pilgrim's staff and scrip. He twisted his lips and made a foul face and blackened his neck. Uncomely he made himself as he had never been. He came to the gate-keeper who answered him roughly, though many a time and oft Horn asked him gently to undo the gate. Then Horn turned to it and kicked open the wicket, and the porter paid well for his delay, for Horn threw him over the bridge and broke his ribs. The knight went quickly

in at the gate, and set him in a lowly place among the beggars. With his black face he looked about and saw Rymenhild sitting as if she were out of her wits and sadly weeping. No man could stop her. Horn looked in every corner, but nowhere did he see Athulf, his fellow, who was in a tower watching to see if a ship would bring Horn. 'Very long art thou, Horn,' he was saying; 'thou didst give me Rymenhild to care for, and always have I guarded her, but never hast thou come. Speed thou now or never, for I can not keep her longer.'

Horn makes a riddle

In the hall after the feast, Rymenhild rose from her seat to pour out the wine. As was the custom, she carried a horn in her hand, and all the knights and squires drank. Horn alone, sitting on the ground, lost in thought, had no share in it. 'O gracious queen,' he said at last, 'turn towards me; give to us among the first, for very thirsty are the beggars.'

She laid down the horn and filled him a gallon bowl, for she thought he was a glutton. 'Have this cup and drink it,'

she said, 'but truly I think I never saw so bold a beggar.'

Horn gave it to his companions, saying: 'Dear queen, wine will I not have but from a white cup. Thou thinkest I am a beggar, but I am a fisher come from the west to fish at thy feast. Here for seven years has my net lain and I come to see if it has caught any fish. Drink to me from the dish; drink to Horn from the horn, for far have I come.'

As Rymenhild looked on him her heart grew cold. She understood not his fishing, nor did she know him, and strange did it seem to her when he bade her drink to Horn. She filled her horn and drank to the pilgrim. 'Drink thy fill,' she said, 'and then tell me if ever thou hast seen Horn lying within the wood?'

For a moment Horn drank, and he threw his ring into the horn. 'Queen,' he answered, 'now seek what is in thy cup.'

The queen withdrew with her four maidens to her bower and there she found the gold engraven ring which Horn had had of her. Very fearful that Horn was

dead, since the ring was there, she sent a damsel to the palmer. 'True palmer,' she said, 'say where thou didst get the ring thou didst throw here and why thou hast come.'

'By St. Giles,' he answered, 'many a mile beyond the west had I gone, seeking my good, when I found Horn embarking for Westernesse. The ship sailed with me and Horn, who after sickened and died. But first he bade me "Go with the ring to Rymenhild," and often he kissed it. May God give his soul rest!'

Then Rymenhild said: 'Break now, my heart, for no more hast thou Horn for whom thou hast pined so sorely.' Falling on her bed, she hid a knife there, with which to kill the hateful king and herself the same night. She set the knife to her heart, but Horn prevented her. Wiping away the black from his neck, he cried: 'Dost thou not know me, sweet queen and dear? I am thine own Horn, Horn of Westernesse. Kiss me in thy arms.' Then very surely did they kiss and great joy was theirs.

But shortly Horn said: 'Men have I at

the wood's end, Rymenhild, and I must go. Ready to fight are my Irish knights, armed beneath their cloaks. They shall make wroth the king and his guests who come to this feast.'

Letting fall his pilgrim's robe, Horn sprang out of the hall. The queen went to her bower and found there Athulf. 'Be blithe, Athulf,' she said, 'and go quickly to join Horn. In the forest is he, and with him many knights.' At these tidings Athulf hastened after Horn as fast as horse could go, and overtaking Horn, they had great happiness together.

A wedding feast

Shortly after, armed from neck to foot, Horn returned; the gates were undone, and he brought to death all who were at the feast except Ailmar and his own twelve comrades. No vengeance did Horn take for Fikenhild's false tongue, and each one there took oath he would not betray Horn, though he lay at death's door. With bells ringing, Horn led Rymenhild to her father's palace. A sweet bridal was that; rich men ate there and no tongue could tell of the joy.

When Horn was seated in his chair, he asked them all to listen.

'O king,' he said, 'among the best thou lovest a story. Without offence I say my name is Horn. To knighthood thou didst raise me, and knighthood have I proved. Men say I betrayed thee, king, and thou didst make me an exile from thy land. Thou didst think I lay with Rymenhild, as never yet I thought to do, nor ever shall till I win Suddenne. Now keep her while I go to gain my heritage and my nobles, and avenge my father. I shall be king of a city then and wear a crown, and by a king shall Rymenhild lie.'

Horn wins his heritage

With his Irish fellows and Athulf, his brother, Horn departed to his ship, and the wind blew loudly so that in five days, at midnight, they touched the shore. Taking Athulf by the hand, Horn went ashore and on the roadside, asleep beneath his shield on which was drawn Christ's cross, they found a knight. Horn seized him and said: 'Awake, thou knight, and say what thou dost guard and why thou sleepest here. Methinks by thy shining

cross, thou art a Christian. But tell me, lest I kill thee.'

'Against my will have I served the pagans,' answered the terrified knight. 'I was a Christian ere the Saracens, black and hateful, came to this land. They made me forsake God and sent me here to keep this passage against Horn, a noble knight in the west who has now come of age. They slew, together with many hundred others, Murry, Horn's father and the gracious king of this land. Horn they sent away with twelve comrades. Among them was my own child, Athulf, dear and good. May the wind drive him hither! Might I see those two, I should die of joy.'

'Then rejoice now of all times,' said Horn, 'for Horn and Athulf, his friend, are here.' Then was there gladness between them.

'Children, how have ye fared?' asked the old knight. 'Will ye win this land and slay the people here? Dear Horn, thy mother Godhild yet lives, and joy would not fail her did she know thou art alive.'

'Now blessed be the time I came to Suddenne,' cried Horn. 'With my Irishmen we will teach the dogs to speak our speech, and slay them all.' With that he blew his horn and his people, hearing it, came from the ship. All night until daybreak they fought and killed, striking with spear-points old and young. They went through the land and brought all the Saracens to death. Quickly Horn had chapels and churches built, and bells were rung and masses sung. In the rock wall he found his mother, and they kissed and clung together. A merry feast Horn made there when he began to wear his crown.

A second treachery

But while Horn was away, dearly did Rymenhild pay for it. Proud-hearted Fikenhild set about her wooing and the king dared not forbid him. To young and old Fikenhild gave so that they should hold with him, and where he hoped to prosper, he built a strong stone castle, surrounded by the sea. Only a flying bird might light there, but men could come when the tide went out. On the day set for the wedding, Fikenhild went

to King Ailmar for Rymenhild the bright, who wept in her passion tears of blood. At night he married her and through the darkness led her home; ere the sun rose he began the wedding feast.

Now one night Horn dreamed heavily that his lady was taken into a ship which started to overturn. With her hands she tried to swim to land, but with his sword-hilt Fikenhild thrust her back. Horn awoke from his sleep as a man in haste. 'Athulf,' he cried, 'we must to ship. Fikenhild hath deceived me and now works some harm to Rymenhild. May Christ drive us thither!'

Almost before Horn knew it and before the sun was up, his ship stood beneath the tower of Rymenhild, who little guessed that Horn was there. As the castle was so new, he did not know it, but when the sand was dry, he made his way across and there he found Arnoldin, Athulf's cousin, waiting for him. 'O Horn, thou king's son,' he said, 'well art thou come to land. To-day hath Fikenhild wedded thy sweet lady, Rymenhild, nor do I lie to thee. Twice hath he fooled thee, and this tower

hath he made for her sake, where no man may go through any trick. Christ guide thee, lest thou lose her!'

Now Horn knew all the craft that any man did, so he took a harp and a few of his strong fellow-knights, whom he dressed in skin, with swords girt beneath their shirts. Merrily singing and making music, so that Fikenhild might hear, they went over the gravel to the castle. When Fikenhild asked who they were, they said they were harpers, jonglers, and fiddlers, and he let them in. Then Horn sat down on a bench near the hall door, and stringing his harp, he made a lay to Rymenhild. No man laughed when she fell swooning, and bitterly Horn's heart smote him. He looked on his ring, thought of her, and with his good sword he went up to the table. Then fell Fikenhild's crown and the men about him. When they were all slain, Horn made Arnoldin lord there after King Ailmar, and knights and barons gave him tribute. Taking Rymenhild by the hand, Horn led her down to the shore, and he took with him also Athelbrus, the steward of her

father's house. The tide rose and they went to the fair realm of King Modi, whom Horn killed. There he made Athelbrus ruler, because of his good teaching. Then Horn went to Ireland, where he made Athulf wed the maiden Reynild; and then he went to Suddenne, to his own people, and made Rymenhild his queen. In faithful love they lived and cherished the law of God, and for such true lovers, now that they were dead, well might all men grieve.

The tale of Horn, the fair and beautiful, is done. Let us be glad together, and may Jesus, the king of Heaven, give to us all His sweet blessing.

Amen.

Ex-pli-cit.

Havelok

Havelok

LISTEN, ye good folk, wives, maidens, and men, and I will tell you the tale of Havelok, the mightiest man at need that ever rode a horse. But fill me a cup of good ale ere the story begins.

Of the death of Æthelwold

In the old days there lived a king who made good laws and was dear to old and young. He loved Holy Church and righteous men but he hated robbers, and all the outlaws whom he could find he hung high on the gallows tree. In his time a man with red gold in his bag found none to trouble him; and the merchants could fare through all England and boldly buy and sell and no one harmed them who was not quickly brought to grief. The land was at peace and great was the praise of the king. He pitied the fatherless; he prisoned the knight, were he ever so great, who did widows wrong; and he destroyed the limbs of those who wrought shame to maidens. He was strong and unafraid and generous, and the bread on his table

was never too fine to give the poor who travel afoot.

Now the king's name was Æthelwold and he had no heir save a fair little maid, too young to walk or speak. When an evil came upon him that he knew was his death, he sent a call for all his lords from Roxburg to Dover, to come to him in Winchester where, no longer able to sleep or eat, he lay in his hard bonds. There, sobbing and lamenting, they greeted him, but he bade them be still. 'Wailing nothing helps,' he said. 'I am brought to death. Now I pray you, who shall have charge of her who will be your lady?'

When they answered that Earl Godrich of Cornwall was wise and greatly feared, the king was pleased. He ordered a fair cloth brought and thereon the mass book, the chalice, the paten, the corporal, all the apparel of the mass. On these he made Godrich swear to guard the maiden till she was twenty winters old and knew of courtliness and the ways of love, and then he should give her to the fairest and strongest man alive. When this oath was

sworn, the king gave England and his daughter to the earl, and began his prayers to God. When he had said, 'Into thy hands, O Lord,' he died before them all.

The treachery of Godrich

Now when the king was buried, Earl Godrich took all England for his own and put knights whom he could trust into the castles. He made the people swear good faith to him, and sent justices through the land and appointed sheriffs, beadles, magistrates, and serjeants of the peace, with long glaives, to keep the wild woods from wicked men. He had everything at his own will, and soon England stood in fear of him, as the beast fears the goad.

In this time Goldborough, the king's daughter, came to be the loveliest of women, and wise in all good ways. Many a tear was shed for her, but when Earl Godrich heard men say that she was fair and chaste and the rightful heir, he said to himself: 'Why should she be my lady and my queen? Why should I give this land to a foolish girl whom I have ruled too gently?' With that, caring not a straw for his oath, like a wicked Judas, he took her from Winchester to Dover on

the sea-coast. In a castle there he fed and clothed her in sorry fashion and let no one come near to avenge her wrongs. She mourned without ceasing, but we will leave her in the prison to speak of other things.

Of the death of King Birkabeyn of Denmark

Now there was in Denmark in those days a rich and powerful king, named Birkabeyn, who had a son and two fair daughters whom he loved as his own life. And it came to pass that death, which will not forbear for rich or poor, for king or emperor, seized upon him. Then Earl Godard, his friend, who was chosen by his knights to care for the children, took Havelok, the heir, and his sisters, Swanborow and Helfled, and put them in a castle where they wept bitterly for hunger and cold. When he had presently brought all the land into his power, he planned against them a very great treachery. He went to their tower where Havelok, who was brave enough, greeted him fairly.

His son, Havelok, is imprisoned

'We hunger,' he said. 'We have naught to eat, nor knight nor knave to serve us. Woe for us that we were

born! Alas, is there no corn that men could make bread? We are very near to death.'

But Godard cared nothing for their woe and, as if in sport, took the maidens—wan and green they were for hunger—and cut their throats. In their blood they lay by the wall, and Havelok, in terror, saw the knife at his own heart. Little as he was, he kneeled down before that Judas and said:

'Lord, have pity. My homage and all Denmark will I give you if you will let me live. On the book will I swear never to bear shield nor spear to harm you, and to-day will I flee from Denmark and never come again.'

Now when this devil heard that, somewhat did he begin to soften. He drew back the knife, still warm with the children's blood, and a fair miracle it was, that for pity he went his way. But though he would not kill the boy himself, he grieved that Havelok was not dead. Staring as if he were mad, he mused alone and then he sent for a fisherman, whom he knew would do his will.

Earl Godard plans Havelok's death

'Grim, my thrall,' he said, 'thou knowest that all I bid thee thou must do. To-morrow I will make thee free and rich if thou wilt take a child when thou seest the moon to-night, and cast him in the sea. The sin of it will I take for mine own.'

Then Grim took the child, and bōund him fast; he wrapped him in an old cloth, gagged him with foul rags, so that he could not speak nor breathe, and cast him in a black bag. Lifting him on his back, he bore him to his cottage and gave him over to Dame Leve, whom he told what his lord commanded. When she heard that, she started up and threw the boy down so hard that his head cracked against a great stone. Then might Havelok well say: 'Alas, that ever I was born a king's son!'

Of Grim, the wise fisherman

In this fashion did the child lie until midnight, when Grim bade Leve bring a light that he might put on his clothes. As she was handling them, she saw a light very clear and bright shining about the child. From his mouth came a ray like a sunbeam. It was as light as though wax candles burned within the house.

'Jesus Christ!' quoth Dame Leve: 'what light is this in our dwelling? Rise up, Grim, and see what it means.'

Both of them hastened to the boy and unbound him, and shortly, as they turned over his shirt, they found on his right shoulder a king's mark, very bright and fair.

'God knows, this is the heir who will be Lord of Denmark,' cried Grim, and he fell down and sorely grieved. 'O lord, have pity on me and on Leve here! Both of us are thy churls, thy hinds. Well will we feed thee till thou canst ride and bear helmet and shield and spear, and never shall Godard know, that vile traitor! Through no other man than thee, lord, will I have my freedom.'

Then was Havelok a blithe lad, and he sat up and asked hungrily for bread. Dame Leve said: 'Well is it for me that thou canst eat. I will fetch thee bread and cheese, butter and milk, pasties and cheese cakes, and with all such, lord, will we feed thee in this great need. Oh, true it is as men swear, "Where God will help, nothing shall harm."'

Then Havelok ate ravenously, and when he was fed, Grim made a fair bed, undressed him and laid him therein. 'Sleep fast,' he said, 'and do not fear the night, for from sorrow thou art brought to joy.'

Now as soon as it was daybreak, Grim took his way to Godard, that wicked steward of Denmark, and telling him the boy was dead, asked for his reward and freedom.

Godard looked at him grimly. 'So thou wilt be an earl now, wilt thou?' he said. 'Get thee gone, thou foul churl of the dirt, and be forever thrall, as thou hast been before. For but a little more I will give thee to the gallows.'

Overlate Grim thought how he should escape from that traitor. 'What shall I do?' he pondered. 'Should Godard know that Havelok lives, he will hang us both. Better is it for us to flee the land and save our lives.'

Then Grim sold all his corn, his woolly sheep, his horned cow, the horse, swine, and bearded goat, the geese and farmyard hens; everything that he could, he sold,

and drew out the last penny. He tarred his ship and put in a mast, strong, firm cables, good oars, and a sail. When he had made all ready, he took young Havelok, himself and his wife, his three sons, and his two pretty daughters, and pulled out to the high sea. When he was about a mile from land the north wind came, which men call 'bise,' and drove them into England, that afterward was to be Havelok's.

How Grim takes Havelok to England

Now Grim landed at the north end of Lindsey in the Humber and, drawing up his ship on the sand, he made there a little earth house. Because he owned it, the place there took the name of Grim, and men call it Grimsby and shall until doomsday.

Grim was a wise fisherman, and with net and hook he caught many a good fish, sturgeon, whale, turbot, salmon, seal, and cod he took, and porpoise, herring, mackerel, flounder, plaice and thornback. He made panniers for himself and his three sons, for carrying the fish they sold in the upland. To town and grange he went, and never did he come home with empty

hand. He knew well the Lincoln road, and often he went from end to end of that good city till he had sold everything and counted his pennies. When he came home he brought with him wastels and horn-shaped cakes, and his bags full of corn and meat. Hemp, too, he would have, and strong ropes for the nets he cast in the sea.

And how Havelok learns to labour

Thus did Grim live, and for twelve years or more he fed his family well. But Havelok came to know that while he lay at home, Grim was sorely toiling for his food, and he thought: 'No longer am I a child, but well grown, and easily can I eat more than Grim can ever get. God knows I will go now and learn to labour for my meat. Work is no shame! Gladly will I bear the panniers, and it shall not grieve me though the burden be great.'

On the morrow when it was day, Havelok sprang up, cast on his back a pannier stacked high with fish, and alone carried as much as four men. He sold every bit and brought home each piece of silver, keeping back not a farthing. And never, thereafter, did he lie at home,

but went forth each day so that he would learn his trade.

A famine comes

Now it chanced that there came a great dearth of bread and corn, and Grim knew not how he should feed his family. Great fear did he have because of Havelok, who was so strong and could eat so heartily. Then Grim said to him: 'Havelok, I think we will soon die of hunger, for our meat is long since gone, and the famine lasts. For myself I care not, but it is better that thou go hence, ere it be too late. Thou knowest the way to Lincoln, and therein is many a good man from whom thou canst win thy food. But alas for thy nakedness! I will make thee a coat from my sail, so thou shalt take no cold.'

And Havelok enters the service of a cook at Lincoln

Taking down the shears from the peg, Grim made the coat, and Havelok put it on. With no other kind of dress, and barefoot, he went to Lincoln. He had no friend there, and he knew not what to do. For two days he fasted, but on the next he heard one calling: 'Bearing-men, bearing-men, come hither!' Like a flash all the poor folk sprang forward and Havelok

was in their midst. Leaping to the earl's cook, who was buying meat at the bridge, he bore the food to the castle, and for this service he got a farthing cake. On yet another day when the cook called the porters, Havelok knocked down sixteen good lads who stood in his way, and ran with his fish basket and began snatching up the fish. He lifted up a whole cart-load of cuttle fish, of salmon and plaices, great lampreys, and eels, and he spared not his heels nor his toes, till he came to the castle and men took the burden from his head. The cook looked at him and, thinking he was a strong fellow, asked: 'Wilt thou be with me? I will feed thee gladly.'

'God knows I ask no other hire, dear sir. Give me enough to eat and I will make the fire burn clear, crack sticks for eel-skinning, and wash your dishes fairly.'

When the cook had said, 'I ask no more,' and told him to sit down, Havelok was still as a stone till he had eaten enough. Then he went to the well and, filling a great tub, bore it alone to the kitchen. He would let no one fetch water, nor

bear meat from the bridge; he alone bore the peat, the sedges and the wood, and drew all the water that was needed. He took no more rest than as if he were a beast, and of all men was he meekest. He was always laughing and blithe of speech, for his griefs he could well conceal. No child was so little that Havelok would not sport with him, and young or old, knights or children, gentle or bold, all who saw, loved him. His fame went far, how he was meek and strong and fair, and how he had nothing to wear save one unwieldly wretched coat. Then the cook took pity on him and bought him span-new clothes, stockings and shoes, and he put them on quickly. When he was clothed, no one on earth was fairer, nor did any in the kingdom seem more fit to be king. When all the earl's men were together at the Lincoln games, Havelok stood like a mast shoulders taller than any. At wrestling he overthrew every one, and yet for all his strength he was gentle, and despite a man's misdeeds to him, he never laid hand on him for ill. Virgin he was, recking no more of a maiden than a straw.

Of how all men love him

H. - 19

H. - 20

It came to pass then, that Earl Godrich made barons and earls and all the men of England come to Lincoln to be at the Parliament. With them came many a champion, and some nine or ten began to sport, while grooms and bondmen with their goads, just as they had come from the plow, gathered to watch. A bar lay at their feet and the strong young men began mightily to put the stone. Strong was he who could lift it to his knee, and a champion was he reckoned who could put it one inch beyond another.

Havelok becomes a champion

Now as the crowd stood and stared, making a great noise over the best throw, Havelok looked on. Never before had he seen stone putting and of it he was very ignorant. His master bade him try what he could do, and half afraid he started, caught the heavy stone, and hurled it the first time twelve feet beyond all other throws. The champions that saw it shouldered each other and laughed. 'We stay here too long,' they said, and would play no more. Now the wonder could not be hid, and very shortly through all England went the tale of how Havelock

had put the stone. In castle and hall, the knights told of it and how he was strong and fair, till Godrich, hearing them, thought to himself: 'Through this knave shall I and my son win England. On the mass-gear King Æthelwold made me swear that I would give his daughter to the tallest, strongest, fairest man alive. Though I went to India, where could I find one so tall and cunning as Havelok? It is he who shall have Goldborough.'

The wicked Earl Godrich plans a further treachery

Planning this wicked treason, for he believed Havelok a churl's son, Godrich sent quickly for Goldborough and told her, though she vowed she would wed none save a king or a king's son, that on the morrow she would wed his cook's knave. When the day came, that Judas called to him Havelok and asked him if he would marry.

'Nay, by my life!' quoth Havelok 'What should I do with a wife? I could not feed nor clothe her, and where would I take a woman? No kine have I, no house nor cot, no stick nor blade of grass, no food nor clothes, but one old white coat.

These clothes I wear are the cook's, and I am his servant.'

Godrich started up and struck him: 'Save thou take her whom I give thee for wife, I will hang or blind thee.' Then Havelok was afraid and granted that which was asked, and Goldborough too, though she liked it but little, dared not hinder the marriage. She thought it was the will of God who makes the growing corn and who had made her a woman. So they were married and pennies were thick on the book, and all was done fair and well at the mass. The good clerk who married them was the Archbishop of York, whom God had sent to that Parliament.

Goldborough, King Æthelwold's daughter, is forced to wed Havelok

When the marriage was done, then Havelok knew not what to do, where to stay, nor where to go, for plainly he saw that Godrich hated them. Because Havelok knew full well that shame would come to his wife, he decided that they should flee to Grim and his three sons, since there they could best hope to be fed and clothed. On foot they went, since they knew no help for it, and held the right way

How Grim's sons and daughters care for Havelok and the Princess

till they came to Grimsby. Now Grim had died, but his five children were still alive and they made great joy to welcome Havelok. They fell on their knees and cried: 'O welcome dear lord, and welcome thy fair companion. Blessed be the time when in God's law thou didst take her. Well is it for us who see thee alive. We have goods and horses, nets and ships in the sea, gold, silver, and many things which our father Grim charged us to give to thee. Stay here, and all is thine. Thou shalt be our lord and we will serve thee and her. Our sisters will wash and wring her clothes, and bring water for her hands, and they will make her bed and thine.'

Joyously then they broke sticks and set the fire ablaze. So that there should be no lack of meat, they spared neither goose nor hen nor duck, and also they fetched wine and ale. But at nightfall with sad heart, Goldborough lay down, for all unfittingly had she been wed. A light, fair and bright like flame, suddenly filled the room, and she saw that it came from the mouth of him who slept beside her. 'He is dead,' she thought, 'or

else most nobly born.' Then she saw on his shoulder a red gold cross, and the voice of an angel said :

How Goldborough learns of Havelok's birth

'Goldborough, let be thy sorrow. That fair cross shows that he who hath wedded thee is a king's son, and that thou shalt be a queen. Of Denmark and of England he shall be king.'

When she had heard these words of the heavenly angel, she was too blithe to hide her joy, and she kissed Havelok as he slept unknowing. He started up from his sleep.

Of Havelok's dream

'Lady,' he said, 'hear a dream most wonderful. I thought I was in Denmark on a hill so high that I could see all the world. And as I sat there, my arms were so long that I could hold all Denmark. But when I would draw my arms to me, all things that ever were there cleaved to them, and the keys of strong castles fell at my feet. And again I dreamed that I flew over the salt sea to England. I closed it in my hand and, Goldborough, I gave it to thee.'

'May Christ turn thy dreams to joy,' she answered. 'As though I saw it, I

believe that within a year thou shalt wear England's crown, and be king of Denmark too. But delay not thy going. Take with thee Grim's sons, for they are eager and love thee heartily.'

Now when the day came, Havelok rose and went ere he did any other deed to the church, there to kneel and call on Christ and the cross.

'O Thou who dost rule the wind and water, the wood and field,' he cried, 'of thy mercy pity me, Lord. Give me vengeance on the foe who killed my sisters and bade Grim drown me in the sea. With wicked wrong he holds my land who has made me a beggar, though I never did him harm. Let me pass safely across the sea, O Lord, and bring me to that land which Godard holds.'

Laying his offering on the altar, Havelok returned home and found Grim's sons faring forth to their fishing. He called to him Robert the Red, the eldest brother, and William Wenduth, and Hugh Raven, and told his story. 'And now,' he said, 'that I am come of age and am able to wield weapons, I shall never be glad till I

see Denmark. I pray you come with me, and rich men will I make you.'

They set sail for Denmark

In this fashion it came to pass that Grim's sons sailed with Goldborough and Havelok to Denmark, where they came to Earl Ubbe. To the earl, who was a justice, Havelok offered a golden ring that he might have leave to sell his wares through one town and another. Ubbe saw that Havelok was strong, thick breasted and long bodied, better for the bearing of shield and spear than for trafficking, yet he said that Havelok should have his boon if on the morrow he would come to dine and bring his wife with him.

Now Havelok, though he feared lest shame come to Goldborough, led her to the high court. Beside her went Robert the Red, who would have died ere any evil harmed her, and on the other hand was William Wendut, his strong brother. At the sight of them, when they came to the court, Ubbe and his knights and men started up, and over them all, like a tall hill, towered Havelok. Then Ubbe loved Havelok, seeing him so fair and courteous, and when it was time to eat, he brought

in his own wife and said jestingly: 'Lady, thou and Havelok shall eat together, and Goldborough with me.'

They are feasted by Earl Ubbe

The blessing was said and before them was put the best food that ever king or kaiser ate. Cranes, swans, venison, salmon, lamprey, sturgeon, were set before them, together with spiced wine, and white wine and red, of which no page was too little to taste. Weary would this fair company be if I told you all. When the time came for going, Ubbe bethought him: 'If I let them go alone, woe will be because of this woman. For her sake men will kill her lord.' So he called forth ten knights and sixty men with their bows and lances and sent them all to Bernard Brown, the magistrate of the town, and bade him guard Havelok and Goldborough as his own life.

B. B

Now Bernard was no niggard, and he prepared rich fare for Havelok's entertainment. But just as they were about to dine, a man in a doublet, and sixty others with drawn swords and long knives and spears in hand, demanded entrance to the house. Bernard started

How thieves attack them in the house of Bernard, the magistrate

up, seized an ax, and leaped to the door.

'Dost think we are afraid?' said one of the men. 'We will go in at this door despite thee.'

He seized a boulder and let it fly, breaking the door asunder. Havelok saw that, and withdrawing the great bar, cast open the door. 'Come quick,' he cried, 'and cursed be he who flees.'

Then one of the men drew his sword and with two other robbers tried to kill Havelok, but he lifted up the bar and at one blow slew the three. Five more he killed ere the others took counsel, and divided them into two parties to rush on him like dogs on a baited bear. They were strong and quick, and soon they had wounded him in more than twenty places. Seeing how the blood ran from his sides like water from a well, Havelok was maddened, and with the bar he mowed them down. Then a great din arose, and standing far from him, no more daring to be near to him than to a boar or a lion, they hurled at him stones and spears.

The fight in the yard

Now Hugh Raven heard that noise and feared lest men wrought harm to his lord. Catching up an oar and a long knife, he hastened thither like a deer, and saw how the men stood around Havelok, beating him as a smith does his anvil.

'Oh, woe,' he cried, 'that I was born to see this grief! Robert! William! where are ye? Get bars and flay these dogs till our lord is avenged. Come quick and follow me. I have an oar.'

'Yea, yea,' answered Robert, and he grasped a strong staff that might well bear a net, and William Wendut took a bar greater than his thigh, and Bernard had his ax. Like madmen they leaped forth to the fight. Bodies were broken then, brown heads and black, till of all the thieves not one was left alive. When the morrow dawned they lay on one another, torn like dogs; some were slung into ditches, some were dragged by the hair into the furrows and left there.

Tidings came quickly to Ubbe, and he leaped on a steed and with his knights rode forth to the town. He called Bernard out of his house, and he came all tattered

and torn, with his clothes well nigh gone.

Bernard tells of Havelok's courage

'O lord,' he cried, 'at moonrise to-night more than sixty robbers with wide sleeves and closed capes came here to rob and kill me. Quickly they broke the door and would have bound me, had not Havelok started up and, seizing now a bar, now a stone, driven them out like dogs from a mill house. A thousand men is he worth alone! Save for him I should be dead now. But great is his hurt, for they gave him such wounds that the least might fell a horse, and much I fear he will die. In the side, in the arm, in the thigh, in more than twenty cruel places has he wounds, though when he first felt the pain there was never a boar that fought as he did. As a hound follows a hare, he followed the thieves and not a cursed one did he spare till each one lay stone still.'

'Sayest thou truth, Bernard?' asked Ubbe; and all the burgesses who stood about said that he did. 'The thieves would have taken all his goods,' they said, 'had not this man of a far land slain them. Who could stand alone in the

night against so many stalwart men? They were led by Griffin Gall.'

'Fetch Havelok quickly,' answered Ubbe, 'that I may see his wounds. If he can be healed, I myself will dub him knight, and did they live, he should hang those vile men, Cain's kin and Eve's.'

Now Havelok was brought before Ubbe, who had great sorrow for his wounds until a leech saw them and said they could be healed. Then Ubbe let cease all his grief. 'Come forth now with me,' he said, 'thou and Goldborough and thy three servants. I will be your warrant. No friend of those thou hast killed shall lie in wait to slay thee, for I will lend thee a room in my high tower. Nothing shall be between us save a fair wall of fir wood, and speaking loud or low, thou shalt hear and see me when thou wilt. And no knight or clerk of mine shall bring hurt to thy wife more than to mine.'

Ubbe takes Havelok and Goldborough to his hall

With rejoicing, Ubbe brought them soon to his city, Havelok and his wife and his three men. And it was about the middle of the first night there, that Ubbe saw a great light as of day in that tower, and

he wondered what it might be, for at that hour he thought none waked save revellers and thieves. He went and peered in through a crack, and saw the five lying fast asleep. From Havelok's mouth came the sunny gleam, and to see it Ubbe called more than a hundred of his knights and men. The brightness was as if a hundred and seven candles burned there. On his left side Havelok lay with his bright bride in his arms—never was a fairer pair. Good did it seem to the knights to look upon them, and on Havelok's naked shoulder they were aware of a cross, clear and brighter than gold in the light. Sparkling it shone, like a carbuncle, giving enough light to choose a penny by. Then both high and low knew that it was a king's mark, and that they gazed on Birkabeyn's own son. 'He is Birkabeyn's heir,' they said, 'for never in Denmark was brother so like to brother as this fair man is like the king.'

They fell at his feet and there was not one who did not weep. They were as glad as if they had drawn him from the grave. They kissed his feet so that he woke, and

at first he was angered, for he thought they would kill him.

Then said Ubbe: 'Lord, be not afraid. Good is it for me, dear son, that I see thee. Homage I offer thee, for in very truth ought I to be thy man. Thou art come of Birkabeyn, and thou shalt be king of Denmark; to-morrow thou shalt take homage of earl, baron, warrior and thane. With rejoicing shalt thou be made a knight.'

Ubbe learns Havelok is the son of Birkabeyn

Very blithe was Havelok for that, and he thanked God heartily. When dawn came and the night shadows were gone, Ubbe summoned all his lords to come before him, as they loved their own lives and their wives and children. There was not a man who did not go to learn what the Justice wished, and presently he said to them: 'Listen to a thing I will tell you. Ye know full well how on his death-day all this land was Birkabeyn's, and how he, by your counsel, gave over his three children, Havelok and his two daughters, and all his possessions, into Godard's charge. On the book and the mass-gear the earl swore to care for them, but he let

his oath go! He killed the maidens, and would have slain the boy had not God saved him. But Grim saw Havelok's beauty and knew him for the right heir, and quickly fled from Denmark into England. There for many winters has Havelok been fed and fostered. Now look where he stands! In all this world he has not his peer. Be full glad of him and come hither quickly to give homage to your lord. I myself will do it first.'

Havelok receives the homage of the men of Denmark

On his knees then Ubbe knelt fairly, and everyone saw how he became Havelok's man. After him came every baron in that town and the warriors, the thanes, the knights and common men, so that at the day's end there was not one of whom Havelok had not fealty. When all were sworn, with a bright sword Ubbe dubbed Havelok a knight and nobly made him king. Great was the joy then; there were spear fights and buckler play, wrestlings, stone puttings, harping and piping, gambling, romance reading in the book and the singing of old tales, and gleemen striking on the tabor. There men could see the bulls and boars baited with lively dogs,

and watch also every other sport. There was great gift-giving of clothes and great plenty of food. The king knighted Robert and William Wendut and Hugh Raven and made all three barons, and gave them land and other fee so that each one had twenty knights day and night in his retinue.

And knights the sons of Grim

When the feast was done, the king kept a thousand knights and five thousand men. I will not lengthen the story, but when he had all the land in his power, he vowed, and his men with him, that they would never cease fighting until they had revenge on Godard. They did not delay setting forth, and Robert, who was master of the army, was first to come upon Godard. Robert cried out, saying Godard should come with him to the king. But with his fist Godard struck him a mighty blow ere Robert seized his long knife and smote him through the arm. When Godard's men saw that, they started to flee, but he cried: 'O my knights, what do ye? I have fed you, and yet shall, if ye will help me in this need. Shame will be upon you, if ye let Havelok do his will.'

Of Havelok's vengeance on Godard

Then his men went forward again and killed one of the king's knights and a common man and wounded ten others. But quickly the king's men killed them all save only Godard; him they bound fast, though he roared as a bull caught in a hole and baited with dogs, and threw him upon a scurvy mare with his face to the tail. So was he brought to Havelok, and as 'Old sin makes new shame,' so did he pay now for the ancient wrong he wrought. The king called Ubbe and all his lords and thanes together and bade them speak Godard's doom. Sitting around the wall they gave a true judgment. 'We doom,' they said, 'that Godard be flayed alive, drawn to the gallows at the tail of this wretched horse, and hanged. And it shall be written there: "This is that wicked man who thought to take from the king his land, and who killed the king's sisters." The doom is doomed, we say no more.'

With this judgment given, Godard was shriven by the priest, then quickly a lad came with a knife of ground steel and from top to toe he flayed Godard, who shrieked vainly for mercy. The old horse was

brought, and with a sail-rope Godard was bound to her tail and drawn to the gallows, not by the road, but over the fallow field.

Now after Godard was dead, the king took quickly all his land, houses and goods, and gave it to Ubbe, saying: 'Here I give thee power in all thy land, in all thy fee.' Then Havelok swore that at Grimsby, because of the good Grim had done while poor and in evil state, he would make a priory of black monks to serve Christ till doomsday. But when Godrich of Cornwall heard that Havelok was king of Denmark and was come to England, and that Goldborough, the fair and rightful heir, was at Grimsby, he was most sorrowful. Quickly he called forth for the army every man who could ride a horse or bear a weapon, be it hand ax, scythe, spike, spear, dagger, or long knife, and ordered them to come to Lincoln on the seventeenth of March. If there were any rebel who would not come, he swore by Christ and St. John to make him and his children thralls. Because the English feared him as a hack fears the spur, they came all together on the day set them.

How Godrich in England fears Havelok

'Listen,' he said, 'for I have gathered you for a sport. At Grimsby strangers have come and taken the priory; Havelok burns the churches, binds the priests, and strangles both monks and nuns. What will ye counsel? If Havelok rules thus for long, he will gain mastery of us all, to kill or enslave us. Let us go forth quickly. Help yourselves and me by killing these dogs. Nevermore shall I be glad nor ever receive the eucharist or be shriven till he is driven from the land. Follow fast after me, for I am he who first of all will strike with the drawn sword. Cursed be he who stands not fast beside me.'

'Yea, yea,' cried Earl Gunther, and 'Yea' quoth Earl Reyner of Chester, and so did all who stood there. Then could men see the bright byrnies cast on, and the high helmets, and so did they hasten to arms, that in as little a while as a man could count a pound, they had leaped on their steeds and were faring towards Grimsby.

Of a great battle

Now Havelok had found out each thing concerning their start, and with all his army he came against them. He struck

off the head of the first knight he met, and Robert killed another, and William Wendut cut off the arm of a third. Ubbe came upon Godrich and grimly they fought till both fell headlong to the earth. Then they drew their swords and drenched in sweat, they fought so madly that at each least blow a flint would have shivered. From morning the fight lasted till at sunset Godrich gave Ubbe such a cruel wound in the side that he would have fallen, had not Hugh Raven borne him away. Ere he was rescued a thousand knights had been slain on each side, and of the common soldiers such slaughter was made that there was not a pool on the field but was so full of blood that the streams ran down to the hollow. Like lightning Godrich rushed on the Danes, who fell like grass before the scythe. When Havelok saw how his people died, he forced on his steed. 'Godrich,' he cried, 'why dost thou so? Thou knowest full well that Æthelwold made thee swear on the mass-book thou wouldst give England to his daughter when she came of age. Yield it now without fighting. I will forgive thee all injury,

for I see how great is thy strength and thy valor.'

'That will I never do!' quoth Godrich, and he gripped his sword and struck Havelok so mightily that he cleft Havelok's shield in two. When that shame was done him before his army, Havelok felled Godrich to the earth. But not long did Godrich lie at his feet; he started up and smote Havelok, so that he tore from his byrnie more rings than I can tell, and the blood streamed down to his feet. Then heartily went Havelok at his foe, and heaving high his sword, he struck off Godrich's hand. When he had so shamed the traitor, he bound him in fetters of steel and sent him to the queen, whom it well behooved to hate him. But, since Godrich was a knight, Havelok commanded that no one should beat or do him shame, until the knights had righteously doomed him.

Now the English, when they knew that Goldborough was England's rightful heir and that Havelok had wedded her, cried together for his mercy and offered him homage. But Havelok would take nothing of them until the queen was brought.

Six earls fared quickly after her and brought her there, that peerless, gracious lady. Sorely weeping, the English fell on their knees before her. 'Christ's mercy and yours,' they cried: 'much wrong have we done, being faithless to you. For England ought to be yours and we your men. Not one of us, young or old, but knows that Æthelwold was king here and you his heir.'

'Since ye know it now,' said Havelok, 'I will that ye sit down and, as Godrich has wrought, look that ye judge him righteously, for judgment spares neither clerk nor knight. Then if ye wish and counsel it, according to the law of the land, I will take your homage.'

Of Godrich's doom

So they sat them down, for none dared hinder the doom, and they condemned Godrich to be bound endwise on a worthless ass, with his head to the tail, and in shameful dress, thus to be led through Lincoln, to a green that is there yet, I think, and to be bound to a stake with a great fire about, until he was burned to dust. To warn other wretches, they also judged that, for his wrong, his children

should lose forever that heritage that was his.

Now was this doom quickly fulfilled and Goldborough rejoiced and gave thanks to God, and Havelok then took homage of all the English and made them swear to bear good faith to him.

When he had surety of them all, he called to him the Earl of Chester, a young unmarried knight, and said: 'Sir Earl, if thou wilt take my counsel, well will I do by thee. By Saint Davy, I will give thee for a wife the fairest thing alive, Gunnild of Grimsby, daughter of Grim who fled with me from Denmark to save me from death. I counsel that thou marry her for she is fair and noble, and I will show that she is dear to me, for always while I live, for her sake, thou, too, shalt be dear to me.'

How Havelok remembers Gunnild, the daughter of Grim

The earl would do nothing against the king, and on that same day he wedded her. When Gunnild was brought to Chester, Havelok did not forget Bertram, the earl's cook.

'Friend, thou shalt have rich reward,' he cried, 'for the good deeds thou didst to me in my need. For when I went in my

coat, and had no bread, nor food, nor anything of my own, thou didst feed and clothe me well. Have for that now the earldom of Cornwall and all Godrich's land in town and field; moreover, I would that thou shouldst wed Grim's daughter, Levive the gracious. Courteous she seems, and fair as a flower; the hue of her cheek is like the new rose on the bush when fairly it lies in the warm, bright sun.'

And her sister Levive

Then Havelok girded Bertram with the sword of the earldom, and with his own hand made him a knight, and giving him arms, wedded him soon to that sweet maid. Then he feasted well his Danes and gave them rich lands and goods, and soon after with his army he went to London for his crowning, and English and Danes there, high and low, saw how proudly he bore it. The feast of his crowning lasted with great joy for forty days or more, and then, because he saw the Danes were ready to fare into Denmark, he gave them leave to go and committed them to St. John. He commanded that Ubbe, his justice, should so rule Denmark that no complaint should come to him.

Of Havelok's long rule

When they were gone, Havelok remained in England and for sixty years he was king there with Goldborough for his queen. So great was their love that all the world spoke of them two. Neither one had joy away from the other, and never were they angry, for always was their love new. Fifteen sons and daughters they had, of whom God willed that each one should be a king or queen.

Now have you heard the tale all through of Havelok and Goldborough, how they were born, how wronged in their youth, and how they were avenged. Every bit have I told you. For that I would beseech each one of you who have heard it, that with good will, you say a pater-noster for him who has made the rhyme and who, for its sake, has waked many a night. May Christ at the end bring his soul to God!

Amen.

Sir Beves of Hampton

Sir Beves of Hampton

HEARKEN, lords, and I will tell a tale merrier than the nightingale's, of a knight called Beves and of his father, Sir Guy of Hampton. Too long did Guy live unwed, and he was fallen into old age when he took for wife the fair, bright daughter of the King of Scotland. Ere this, the bold freeborn maid had loved the Emperor of Almayne, who had often sent to her father and had gone himself, desiring to wed her. But the King gave her to Sir Guy, and in time they had the boy, Beves, a handsome child and brave, who was but seven winters old when his father was killed.

Of Sir Guy of Hampton

Now it had come to pass that the lady was grown weary of her lord and planned evilly to trick him to his death. She sent for her messenger and promised him gold and knighthood if he would not betray her. When he vowed to do her will, the lady was most glad. 'Go quickly into Almayne,' she said, 'and greet the Emperor. Bid him on the first of May,

And his treacherous lady

for love of me, be ready with his company in the forest beside the sea. My lord will I send thither for him to slay, and when he has done that, he shall have my love.'

The messenger took ship, and all too good was the wind that brought him over. He found one who said the Emperor lay at Rifoun, and going there he knelt on the ground as was right, and did his message. The Emperor was more glad of those tidings than a bird of the dawn, and gave him a horse laden with red gold. Then the messenger went home to Southampton, and told the lady how the Emperor was ready for that forest-fighting.

The lady was blithe, and on the first of May, she lay in her bed and told her lord such evil was fallen upon her, she thought to die. Sorrowfully the Earl asked if aught might comfort her, and she said, treacherously, that a wild boar that lived in the forest by the sea would be cure for the fever. The Earl then swore to take the boar. Mounting his horse, he hung his shield by his side, girt on his sword, and with three companions started

on his way. In the forest the Emperor was ready. He rode out boastfully, and cried: 'Yield thee, thou old dolt! Thou shalt hang by the neck and thy son too, and I shall have thy wife for my lover.'

Sir Guy pricked his steed; he had been a mighty man in his time, and he smote the Emperor with his spear and threw him to the ground. 'Traitor!' he cried; 'dost think because I am old I am afraid?' He drew his sword and would have slain the Emperor, had not knights come in manifold numbers, and killed good Sir Guy and the three who were with him. Then the Emperor sent word to the lady, and she bade him come to her bower.

How Sir Guy is killed

Woe was on Beves then, and he wept bitterly and wrung his hands. 'O wert thou dragged to pieces, mother,' he cried, 'fair as thou art, I should be full glad. Thou hast slain my father and ill it becomes thee to wanton now. But one thing I swear. If ever I bear arms and am of age, I will kill all those who have slain my father.'

The mother smote him a blow under the ear, and the child fell down. His

master, Saber, a knight of his own family and strong and true, took Beves quickly, and carried him to his court. When the mother sent word that Beves should die, Saber caused a swine to be killed, and sprinkled the child's fine clothes with the blood as if he were cut to pieces; these Saber meant to show to the lady. Then, being afraid, he clothed the boy in poor weeds, and till the feasting was ended, set him to keeping his sheep. He promised that in a fortnight Beves should be sent to a rich earl in the south who would teach him courtesy and guide him till he came of age.

Now when Beves was a shepherd boy on the downs, he looked toward the town and the tower that should have been his. Hearing the trumpets and tabors and much joy, he angrily seized his stick and started forth. At the tower he begged the porter to let him in. 'Go home, thou wanton's son, thou truant,' said the porter, 'or thou wilt rue it.'

'Before God,' quoth Beves, 'a wanton's son I may be, but I am no truant.' He lifted up his mace foothot,

and smote the porter down. Then he went into the hall and looked about him. 'What dost thou here?' he cried boldly to the Emperor. 'Why dost thou embrace that lady? It is my mother thou hast in hand. Take her, but get thee quickly hence.'

Now when the Emperor said, 'Be still, fool,' Beves was nigh mad for rage. Despite all there, he smote the Emperor thrice on the head, so that he fell down swooning. His mother cried, 'Seize the traitor,' but being pitiful for the child's sake, the knights let him pass, and Beves went on as fast as he could till he met with Saber, whom he told of his deed. Then the lady came quickly to Saber's house, and though he swore Beves was dead, she said the knight would suffer were she not taken to the boy. Beves heard his master threatened, and great-hearted, he cried: 'Do him no shame for me. Look, I am here!'

Beves tries to avenge his father

His mother took him by the ear—glad she would be if he were dead—and called to her four knights. 'Go to the shore,' she said. 'If ye see ships of pagans, sell

He is sold to pagan merchants

them this lad; whether for more or less, fail not, but sell him into heathendom.'

The child's heart grew cold, when the knights took him and sold him to Saracen merchants, but perforce he went with them. They travelled to the land of Ermin, a king whose wife Morage was dead, but whose young daughter, Josian, in her golden shoes was as fair and bright as snow upon red blood. Who could describe that maiden? Men knew no fairer thing alive, nor one so gentle, and so learned, though she was ignorant of the Christian faith. The merchants went hastily to King Ermin to give him Beves, and the king was most glad of him and thanked them many times. 'I never saw a fairer child,' he said. 'Where wast thou born, boy, and what is thy name?'

How he is given to King Ermin

Then Beves told his name and how his father died and how he would avenge him; and the King said: 'I have no heir save this fair maid Josian. If thou wilt forsake thy God, and take my lord, Apollo, I shall give thee her for wife and all my land after me.'

'I would not,' quoth Beves, 'for all

the silver or gold that is under heaven, nor for thy bright daughter. In no way would I ever forsake Jesus, who so dearly bought me.'

The King loved him the more for that, because Beves stood in fear of no man. 'While thou art a boy,' he said, 'thou shalt be my chamberlain, and when thou art dubbed a knight, thou shalt bear my banner in every strife.' To this Beves agreed and the King loved him as a brother, as did Josian too. By the time he was fifteen years old, there was no knight or swain so bold that dared ride against him.

Of Beves's battle with the Saracens

Now the first battle Beves fought was on Christmas Day. He was riding on his steed Arondel with fifteen Saracens beside him, when one of them asked what day it was. 'Forsooth, I know not,' said Beves, 'for I was but seven when I was sold from Christendom.'

The Saracen laughed. 'I know this day well enough; it is the first of Yule, when thy God was born. For that Christian men make more joy than men here in heathen lands.'

'Of Christendom I have still a trick,' said Beves. 'On this day I have seen many an armed, noble knight tourneying with bright helm and shield, and were I as strong as my father Guy was, I would for my Lord's love fight with each one of you.'

Of his victory and his wounds

The Saracens cried out: 'Lo, brothers, hear how the young Christian hound says he would overthrow us all. Shall we kill the traitor?' They pressed hard around him and wounded him sorely. When his body began to smart, Beves plucked up heart, and wrenching a sword from a Saracen's hand, he struck some so that their heads flew into the river and some fell beneath their horses' feet. Quickly he killed them all, and the steeds galloped home, without the guiding of any man. Beves himself rode back, his wounds bleeding on each side. He stabled his horse, and going to his chamber, fell flat on the ground. It was then that tidings came to Ermin how Beves had harmed his men, and the King swore he should be killed. But Josian counselled him that Beves be brought and tell his own tale.

Now Josian called to her two knights, and sent them to pray Beves to come to her. But in his chamber he lifted up his head and looked at them so frightfully with his glittering eyes and gloomy brows that they were nigh mad for fear. 'Were ye not messengers,' he cried, 'I would slay ye. I will not rise a foot to speak with a heathen dog. She is one and so are ye. Get ye gone.'

The knights went out in haste, glad to escape, and told Josian: 'We would not for all Ermonye see him again.' But she said she would be their warrant, and went back with them. 'For God's love,' she cried to Beves, 'speak to me,' and she kissed and comforted him, so that his sorrow abated, and they went together to her father. To him Beves told how the quarrel began and showed his forty grisly wounds. Then the old King said: 'I would not have you dead, Beves, for all the lands I have. I pray thee, daughter, that thou try to heal, as thou canst, the wounds of this valorous man.' Then the maid took Beves to her chamber, and had baths of such virtue made that in a little

And how Josian, the Princess, comforts and defends him

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

space he was whole again and fresh as a falcon for fight.

It was at this time there was a wild boar about, of which every man was afraid, for he cared not a bean for the bold knights who hunted him. Five tusks stood out of his mouth, each five inches around, and hard and strong were his sides and great his bristles. In his bed one night Beves resolved to try his strength alone against the creature; and in the morning he had his horse saddled, girt him with a sword, took up his spear, hung his shield on his side, and started for the wood—Josian watching him, filled with love. When he came to the wood he tied his horse to a high thorn tree and blew three notes on his horn. In front of the boar's den he saw the bones of dead men. 'Come out, thou cursed fiend,' he said, 'and do battle.'

How Beves fights with a great boar

The boar saw him, and rearing up his bristles, stared at Beves with hollow eyes. Beves broke a spear on him, for the boar's hide was as hard as flint; then he drew his sword and they fought until even-song. By the grace of God, Beves

struck off two tusks and part of the snout. At that the boar roared so, men heard it far and wide, even to the castle of Ermin; but soon Beves cut off its head, and sticking it on his spear handle, blew a flourish on his horn, so glad was he of his hunting.

Of a false steward whom Beves kills

Now the book says there was a steward with King Ermin, who was greatly envious of Beves, and he armed four and twenty knights and ten foresters, and took them into the wood. Beves knew naught of this, and was riding on his way in peace when the steward cried: 'Lay on and kill.' Then Beves would have drawn his sword, but he had left it where he killed the boar. Sorely dismayed, he drew off the boar's head from his spear handle and fought with the head. Presently he won a mighty sword called Morgelay and with it, so the French tale tells, he cleft the king's steward in two and killed the others, and all this was seen by Josian as she stood alone in her tower. 'O Lord Mahomet,' she cried, 'how mighty is Beves! If I had the world I would give it, would he wed me. O

sweet Mahomet, counsel me, for love-longing hath caught me and Beves knows it not. Yet save he love me, I am dead.'

While she said this, Beves left the wood and went home with the boar's head, which he gave to Ermin. The King was glad for that, and thanked him many times, but he knew not that his steward was dead.

How King Brademond would wed Josian

It was a year after this battle with the boar that there came to Ermonye a king named Brademond, who thought to win Josian for wife. Were she not given him, he boasted, he would kill Ermin and, after taking the maid for his own, give her to a carter. Ermin went down from his tower to take counsel with his knights, and at the plea of Josian, who said, 'Were Beves a knight, he would defend thee,' the King dubbed Beves and gave him a shield with three azure eagles and a ground of gold with five bright tassels of silver. He girt Beves with Morgelay, and Josian brought him a fair gonfalon, and when he had put on his quilted jacket, she brought him his well-wrought hauberk

which no blade could pierce. After that she gave him the swift steed Arondel.

But is defeated by Beves

Beves leaped into the saddle, and his host, thirty thousand and fifteen, with bright banners and shields, followed after him. Brademond came out against them, his banner borne by King Redefoun. Beves struck Arondel with his golden spurs and smote Redefoun through both sides, so that he fell down dead. 'Better wert thou at home than here,' quoth Beves, and called to his army to lay on. When the sun set in the west, he and his host had felled sixty thousand of the men of Damascus. Then Brademond fled away along the coast, till he came on two knights of Beves's, whom he would have held for great ransom. But Beves rode after and smote Brademond upon the helm so that he fell to the ground. 'Mercy,' the King cried, 'I yield me. Sixty cities with their castle towers will I give thee, Beves, for thine own, so thou let me escape.'

'Nay, by St. Martin,' Beves answered, 'I am bound to King Ermin,' and he made Brademond swear never to war on

the King, but each year to yield him tribute. When Brademond had done this, alas! Beves let him go, and rode home to tell the King. Blithe was Ermin, and he bade Josian unarm Beves and serve him at meat. The maid delayed not, but led him to her bower and herself gave him water for his hands. When he had eaten well, and was sitting there on her couch, the bright lady showed him her heart. But Beves went from her angry and ashamed, for that she called him churl when he would not hearken to her love.

Of a lovers' quarrel

Now because Beves had vowed she should see him no more, for woe the maiden thought the tower would fall upon her. She sent Bonefas, her chamberlain, to tell Beves she would amend aught that she had said. But when he came, Beves said: 'Say thou couldst not succeed here; though, for thy message, I will give thee a milk-white cloak, the border of silk of Toulouse laced with red gold.'

Then Bonefas returned and told the maid she had done ill to missay so noble a knight. When she learned who had given the mantle, she said: 'Alas, it was

never a churl's deed to give a messenger such a gift. Now since he will not come, I will myself take the way to his chamber.'

Beves heard the maiden come and pretended sleep. But when she cried, 'Pity me, lover! Men say a woman's bolt is soon shot. Forgive me and I will forsake my false gods, and for thy love be Christian,' he answered, 'I grant thee so, my sweet lady,' and kissed her.

How Beves is betrayed to King Ermin

Now it was because of that he almost died, for the two knights he rescued from Brademond went then and told King Ermin that Beves lay with Josian. (Free a thief from the gallows, and true it is he hates thee thereafter!) Then Ermin was fain to have revenge on Beves, and the traitors said he should make Beves ride to Brademond's city, having neither Morgelay nor Arondel with him, and bearing a letter to the King that should be his own death. Now did all this come to pass and Beves rode forth on a hackney. When he came to Damascus it was about midday, and seeing a great multitude of Saracens come from a temple, he ran in and killed their priest and threw their

gods in the fen. Then he rode to the castle gate and going into the hall to Brademond, who had heard of his coming, with his own hand he gave up the letter.

Brademond trembled for fear, but he undid and read the parchment. Then treacherously he called to himself twenty kings to welcome Beves, and while he held the knight's hand, he called: 'As ye love me, bring this man to earth!' As thick as bees about the head they crowded there, and in a little while Beves was brought down. Brademond commanded he should be bound to a great stone and cast into a prison twenty fathoms deep, where Beves should have, he said, but a quarter loaf of bread each day. In the prison were more snakes and newts and toads than I can tell, which strove ever with their venom to kill the gentle knight. But through the grace of God he slew them all, the book says, with a spear handle he found at the prison door. With that, too, he smote a flying adder, black with age as a coal, and it fell, but struck him so in the forehead with its tail that almost his life was lost.

How Beves was imprisoned by King Brademond

Now for seven years Beves lay in bonds suffering torment, with little drink and less meat. One day when he was faint and mad, he made pitifully a prayer to Jesus and his mother Mary. The jailers heard him and straightway one let down a lamp and, taking his sword, went down a rope and smote Beves so that he fell to the ground. 'Alas!' cried the knight, 'when I first came hither, had I my good steed Arondel and Morgelay, my sword, I would not have cared a button for all Damascus. Now the greatest wretch of all with a stroke can fell me. But may I never speak with Jesus, if I be not avenged.'

Of his escape

Then with his fist Beves broke the jailer's neck, and when his fellow above called, Beves said, 'Come and help kill the thief,' and then as far as he could reach he cut the rope. The jailer came down, and when the rope failed in his hand Beves thrust the sword through his body. Then for three days Beves lay in his chains neither eating nor drinking, for the dead jailers were those wont to bring him food. But at last Christ granted his

prayers, and his chains broke and the great stone from his waist. Climbing up the rope, he went to the castle where he saw no man stirring. In a room under a watch tower he saw lighted torches, and going there found the door unfastened and twelve knights asleep who had the guard of the castle. Quietly he reached in and armed himself in the best iron weeds he found, took a good sword and spear, cast a shield around his neck and went out in haste. Further on he came to a stable and sprang in on the many pages there. When these Saracens were slain, he drew forth the best steed and, saddling it, rode out, calling loudly to the porter: 'Awake, fellow; thou art worthy to be hung and drawn. The gates are undone, Beves is gone from prison, and I am sent to take the traitor, if I can.' The porter cast the gates wide open and Beves rode out and took his way towards Ermonye.

Now Beves had not ridden but seven miles when he could ride no further for sleep. He reined his horse to a chestnut tree and fell into a dream, in which he

thought Brademond and seven kings stood over him with drawn swords. Terrified, he leaped on his horse and in his madness rode toward Damascus. There was he seen by King Grander, whom Brademond had commanded to fetch Beves again. Grander rode on Trinchefis, a horse of great price, and with him were seven knights; he cried to Beves: 'Yield thee, fox whelp, by my hands alone thou shalt die.'

'God help me,' cried Beves, 'it were no honour to slay me. This is the fourth day I have taken neither meat nor drink. But if I must, I will try to give thee a box.'

Of his winning of the horse Trinchefis

They rode together and fought so fast the fire flew out as the sparks from flint. Finally Beves smote off King Grander's head, and also killed, so is it found in the French tale, the seven heathen knights. Then Beves bestrode Trinchefis and rode on his way, but after him with all his host came Brademond. They drove Beves to a cliff, where he must either go into the wild sea or fight all heathendom.

Who bore him

Now, hearken a wonderful thing! Beves prayed to Christ and smote his horse

across the sea

Trinchefis, who leaped into the deep sea and in a day and night crossed over it. When the horse came out and shook himself, Beves fell to the ground for hunger. He rested for a little space, then mounting, rode till he came to a castle, where he prayed its lady for food.

The lady answered: 'Go hence, or an ill dinner will befall thee. My lord is a giant and believes in Mahomet and Termagant. He hates Christians like dogs, and kills them.'

'By God,' quoth Beves, 'I swear an oath. Be he lief or loath, I will have meat where I may.'

Of a battle with a giant

The lady went angrily to tell her lord, and the giant, who was thirty feet tall, took a lever in his hand. At the gate he took good heed of Beves, for well he knew his steed. 'Where didst thou steal Trinchefis,' he cried, 'that was my brother Grander's? Because thou hast slain him, for all this castle full of gold, I will not let thee hence.' He smote Beves a great blow, but it struck on the head of Trinchefis and the steed fell dead.

'Oh, thou hast done a vile deed,' said

Beves, 'to spare me and kill my horse.' Fiercely he drew his sword and together they struck more blows than I can tell. The giant at last shot an arrow through Beves's shoulder, and the blood ran down to his feet. When Beves saw his own blood, he almost went out of his wit; he ran to the giant and broke in two his neck bone. Then he went into the castle and commanded the sorely frightened lady to give him meat. He made her taste of every dish and drink first of the wine, so she should do him no harm with poison. When he had eaten enough, he stopped his wound with a kerchief and ordered her to saddle him a steed. Gladly she did this, and Beves leaped into the saddle, not touching the stirrup.

Beves comes to Jerusalem

Now Beves rode forth from the town into a green meadow and on by a stream till he came to Jerusalem. There he told all his weal and woe to the patriarch, who commanded him to take no wife save she were a pure maiden. Beves promised, and in the early morrow rode away, thinking to go to his lady Josian and to the land of Ermony that was his bane. As

he went thither he met a knight who had borne him good company there, and they kissed and each asked of the other's state. When Beves asked of Josian, the knight said: 'Josian is a wife against her will. Seven years are gone and more since the rich King Ivor wedded her. He hath the sword Morgelay and the good steed Arondel. But since the time I was born, was never such sport as when Ivor would ride toward Mombrant on Arondel. The horse was angered and he ran with the King and threw him on a moor so as almost to kill him. Though later the steed was won with ropes, never since has he come from the stable, and no man has dared to ride him.'

He hears of Josian who has been forced to marry King Ivor

Beves was blithe at these tidings. 'Were Josian as true as my horse,' he thought, 'I should yet come out of woe.' Then he asked whitherwards was Mombraunt, and turning his steed, rode northward, till he came to that rich Saracen city; there is no other like it. Without the town he met a palmer, and greeting him fairly, asked where were the king and queen. 'She is in her bower,' the palmer

And goes to Ivor's city of Mombraunt

answered, 'and he is hunting with fifteen kings.'

'Palmer, friend,' said Beves, 'give me thy dress in exchange for mine and for my steed.'

He takes a palmer's dress

When the palmer said, 'God grant we drive that bargain,' Beves dressed the palmer as a knight, and for the pilgrim staff and cloak, he gave him his horse. As a wretched creature, Beves went then to the castle gate, where he found pilgrims of many kinds, whom he asked what they did. They told him that at noon each day in the year, the queen gave to all whom she found there, and that it was for love of a knight, Beves of Southampton, that she so loved the pilgrims.

Now Beves saw it was yet early, and wandering about the barbican he heard weeping and crying. It was Josian, that fair lady, who for seven years had made such moan each day for his sake. When she went to the gate where the palmers thronged, Beves waited so that he was last among them. The maiden saw him but knew him not. 'Thou seemest a man

of honour, courteous and gallant,' quoth she: 'thou shalt be first this day and head our table.'

Then they fared well with meat and spiced wine, and at last the queen said to each one: 'Heard ever any of ye among any people, or in any place, of a knight, Beves of Hampton?'

'Nay,' quoth all who were there till she asked: 'What of thee, new palmer?'

How Arondel, his horse, recognizes him

'Well, I knew that knight,' said Beves: 'at home I am an earl, and so is he. He told me a tale in Rome of a horse called Arondel, and far and near have I spent my treasure seeking it. Men tell me it is here. If ever thou didst love the knight, let me have sight of the horse.'

What helps it to fable? With Bonefas, her chamberlain, Josian led Beves to the stable door, and when the horse heard the voice of his gentle lord, he broke his chains and went quickly into the court-yard, where he neighed proudly and joyously.

'Alas,' quoth Josian, 'many a man to-day will get his death ere that steed is caught.' Then Beves laughed and said: 'I

can catch it well enough. Give me leave and it shall hurt no man.'

'Catch it,' she said, 'and lead it into the stable and fasten it where it stood, and thou shalt have good reward.'

Of Josian's faithful love

Beves went to the horse, which stirred not a foot, and threw himself into the saddle. Then the maiden knew him. 'O Beves, dear lover,' she cried, 'let me ride with thee home to thine own country. Think how thou didst take me to wife when I forsook my false gods. Now thou hast thine horse and I will fetch thy sword.'

'By God's name,' quoth Beves, 'I have suffered much shame for thee, and long prison. Wrong were it to love thee! Then, too, on my life the patriarch made me vow to wed none but a maiden clean, and thou hast been for seven years a queen.'

'Noble lord,' she said, 'lead me home and, save thou find me a maiden, send me again to my foes naked in my smock.' For ever in those years, for Beves's love, had Josian worn a ring which let no man have his desire of her.

How Beves deceives Ivor and escapes with Josian

Now Beves agreed to this, and being counselled what to do and say by Bonefas, he went to the gate and stood among the throng of beggars in his pilgrim's cloak, with his staff and scrip by his side. His beard was yellow and long, and all there said they had never seen so fair a palmer. When Ivor returned from his hunting, his nobles marvelled at Beves and the King called to him. 'Far hast thou come, palmer. Where is peace and where is war? True tales thou canst tell me.'

Beves answered: 'Sire, I am come from Jerusalem, from Nazareth and Bethlehem, Emmaus' castle and Sinai, India, Europe, Asia, Egypt, Greece, Babylon, Tars, Sicily, Saxony, Friesland, Sidon and Tyre, Africa and many an Empire, but everywhere is peace save in the land of Dabilent. There may no man come for the war and sorrow and care. Three kings and five dukes are overthrowing his chivalry, destroying many people, taking cities and burning towns. They have driven him to a castle on a sea cliff, and besiege him there.'

'Alas, alas,' cried Ivor, 'this is a

sorry case. It is my brother who lies in that castle. To horse and arms now, that we be there in haste.' They armed then, Ivor and his fifteen kings, and went forth to the city of Dabilent. At home Ivor left an old king, the knight Garcy, to guard his lady.

Now when Beves said, 'Make ye ready who will fare with me,' Bonefas answered: 'Lo, here is this old King Garcy, who knows much of necromancy, and who can see in his gold ring all that a man doth. I will send quickly after a forest herb I know, and put it in some Rhenish wine. Whatever he be who drinks thereof, sleeps afterward for a day and night.'

How they are pursued by Ivor's knights

Sir Bonefas did this thing, and in the dawning they took what they would of silver and gold and other treasure, and went on their way. Now when Garcy woke, he had great wonder for his long sleep. He looked into his ring, and seeing there the queen faring away with the palmer, he and his knights armed them quickly and followed after. Then said Beves to Bonefas: 'Keep well Josian, and I will turn to battle. I have rested

me many a day; now will I fight my fill and overcome them all, by God's grace.'

And how they lived in a cave

But by the counsel of Bonefas they were instead brought to a cave, where by no means could Garcy find them. Sadly the King and his host turned homewards, but for two days more did Josian and Beves dwell in the cave without meat or drink. Being sorely hungry Josian bade Sir Beves go to the wood. 'I have heard,' she said, 'when men were in the wilderness, that they took hart and hind and other beasts which they found, and killed them and were sewed in their hides. Sir, lightly couldst thou take the creatures, and I make a good sauce for thee.'

Of how lions attack them

Beves left the lady in care of Bonefas and went to the forest. But as soon as he was gone, two raging lions came, and though Sir Bonefas armed him and gave them battle, too little was his might. One lion killed his horse, the other killed the man, and Josian fled into the cave and the lions gnashed at her angrily, but they could do her no hurt, for it is their nature they cannot harm one who is a king's virgin daughter, a queen and

maiden both. Presently Beves came back from his hunting with three harts, and he found the horse gnawed to the bone and Josian gone. He swooned for very sorrow, he sought her from cave to cave till at last he saw where she sat fearfully, with the two lions about her. She cried to him for help, and said she would hold one while he killed the other. But Beves bade her let it go or he would leave her. 'I might boast of little praise, lady,' he said, 'did I kill one lion while a woman held the other. Thou shalt not so upbraid me when we come to my land.'

Then she did this and Beves assailed the lions. Greater battle heard I never of any knight in romance. Almost ere Beves was aware, the lioness had torn his hands and the lion had rent his armour and given him a great wound in the thigh. So fierce and strong were the beasts, Beves could scarcely defend him. But at last they were both slain, and Beves was blithe and thanked God for his victory, though he was sad for Bonefas. Then he set Josian on a mule and they

They meet the giant Ascopard

rode forth for a little while, till they met Ascopard, a loathly-seeming giant, who was thirty feet tall. He had a great beard, and his brow was a foot wide; his club was the little body of an oak!

Now Beves marvelled at the giant, and asked his name and if men of his country were as great as he. 'My name is Ascopard,' he answered: 'Garcy sent me here to bring back this queen. I am Garcy's champion and was driven from my home because I was so small. There every man would smite me and call me a dwarf, because I was so little and delicate. But here in this land I am greater than any other, and now, Beves, I shall kill thee, if I can.'

Who enters their service

Beves pricked Arondel and smote Ascopard on the shoulder, and the giant in striking back, slipped and fell. Then Beves lighted from his steed and would have struck off Ascopard's head, but Josian pleaded for him, saying she would be his warrant. So Ascopard did homage to Beves and became his own page, and together the three went on till they came to the sea coast. They found there a

large ship filled with stout Saracens, who wished to go into their own land, but they had no mariner. They thought Ascopard would guide them, for he was a good pilot at need, but when he came into the ship, he drove them all out. He carried Arondel to the ship on his arm, and then Josian and her mule, and setting sail, they went on fairly till they came to Cologne.

How Josian is christened

Now when Beves came into Cologne, he found the bishop there was his uncle, Saber Florentine, a man most noble. The bishop welcomed him gladly and asked who was the bright lady and who the great-visaged giant, and Beves told him and asked that they be christened. Then the bishop on the day after that christened Josian and had a tun made for Ascopard. But when the bishop would have put him in, he leaped on the bench and cried: 'Priest, wilt thou drown me? The devil curse thee, I am too big to be baptized.'

Of the dragon at Cologne

It was after Josian's christening that Beves fought with a dragon, a battle greater than any other save that of Sir Lancelot

de Lake, who fought with a firedrake, and of Wade, and of Sir Guy of Warwick, who killed a dragon in Northumberland. This dragon at Cologne lived under a cliff; eight tusks stood out of his mouth, the least seventeen inches around; he was maned like a horse, and his body was like a wine tun. Twenty-four feet was it from shoulder to tail, and the tail was sixteen feet. In the sunlight his wings shone like glass, and his sides were brasslike, and his breast hard as stone. Nowhere was a thing more vile.

Now Beves waked one night from dreaming, and heard a pitiful crying. 'For the venom is on me,' it said, 'and I lie here and the flesh rots from the bone.' Then did Beves ask concerning that crying, and men told him that a knight, mighty in battle, had met with this vile dragon, which had thrown venom upon him. 'Lord Christ,' quoth Beves, 'can any man slay the dragon?'

How Ascopard is afraid

The men told him that no one could, but Beves said: 'Ascopard, where art thou? Shall we go to the dragon and kill him?'

'Yea, lord, blithely will I go,' he

answered, and then Beves armed him well and rode out of the gate with Ascopard by his side. Many strange things they spoke of till the dragon, lying in his den, saw them and made a noise like thunder. Then was Ascopard afraid and would go no step further. 'I am weary,' he said. 'I must have rest.'

'Shame it is to turn back,' said Beves nobly, and smote his horse. The dragon gaped as if he would swallow him, and Beves at that sight, had the earth opened, would have gone in for fear. He struck the dragon on the side with his spear, but it burst in five pieces, like hail on the stone. Quickly he drew his sword, and they fought till dark night. Then Beves had such thirst he thought his heart would break. He saw water near him, and though the dragon assailed him so fiercely that he cleft the shield in two, Beves leaped into the well.

How Beves is hurt but is healed by a well

Now, lords, hearken the virtue of that well. A virgin dwelling in that land had bathed her there, and so holy was the water that the dragon dared not come within forty feet of it. Glad at heart was

Beves when he saw this, and he took off his steel helm and cooled him. Then did he go from the well and the dragon assailed him. Beves was glad when he might look about, but the dragon threw venom on him and he grew like a foul leper; his skin rankled and swelled. His arms began to crack, his ventail broke, and a thousand links of his hauberk. The dragon cleft the knight's helm and his basinet with his tail, and twice Beves fell and twice he rose; the third time he went into the water, where he lay upright, not knowing whether it was day or night. There was he recovered of his hurt and he prayed to Christ: 'Help me, thou Son of God, for save I kill the dragon ere I go hence, then shall it never be killed for any man in Christendom.'

He kills the dragon

Now the dragon heard that and flew away as if he were mad. Beves ran after and struck so hard, that he cut the dragon's head. A hundred blows he smote ere the head would come from the body, and then the good knight carved out the dragon's tongue and put it on the truncheon of his spear. He rode towards Cologne, where

he heard the bells and the loud singing of clerks and priests, and where a man told him it was Beves's dirge.

'Not so, by St. Martin,' quoth Beves, and he went on to Bishop Florentine. When the bishop saw him, he and all the people thanked Jesus and brought Beves into town with a fair procession.

Beves hears of his heritage and goes to make war on the Emperor of Almayne

Now one day Sir Beves said to his uncle: 'What is thy counsel concerning my father Devoun, who holds my lands at Hampton?' And the bishop answered, 'Cousin, thy uncle Saber is in Wight, and every year for thy sake he makes a great battle on the Emperor of Almayne, thinking thou art dead. I will give thee an hundred sturdy men, and thou shalt go to Saber and say I greet him many times. And if ye have need, send to me and I will help with all my might to fight against the Emperor.'

Then Beves went to his lady Josian. 'Sweetheart,' he said, 'I must go and avenge me on my foe, and win my heritage if by any trick I can. My uncle, the Bishop Florentine, and Ascopard, my good page, will guard thee.' 'Have I Ascopard,'

she said, 'I shall fear no man. But, as soon as thou canst, return to me.'

How he tricks the Emperor

Now Beves and the men the bishop gave him started forth and went on their way till they came within a mile of Southampton. 'Lords,' he said then, 'have I any one so hardy that he dare go to Hampton to the Emperor, and say: "Here are an hundred knights freshly come from France who will fight for thee with spear and lance." Speak ever in the French tongue in jest or earnest, and say that I am called Gerard, and am sure of victory if he gives me my hire.'

Then came forth readily one who spoke French, and he went to the castle and told all as Beves commanded, and that same night the Emperor and Beves sat together at supper.

'Gerard,' said the Emperor, 'my lady ere I wedded her had an earl for lord and they had a son, a proud, rude fellow. His father was of evil blood, and this boy, as soon as he was of age, sold me his heritage and spent his money in shameful ways. Since then he has gone out of England. Now his uncle Saber, a strong

knight, comes out of Wight and claims the heritage and does me great evil. If thou shouldst kill him, gladly would I give thee thy hire.'

'Sire,' quoth Beves, 'I have strong knights here, but they are unarmed. Therefore, sire, do thou arm my knights and give them good horses; send an hundred men thyself and prepare me a ship, and I promise thee I will make such assault on Saber that thou shalt presently hear of a strange trick.'

And kills many of his men

When the Emperor had done this, the knights set sail, sitting side by side, and when they came to the middle stream, each knight of Beves's threw overboard his fellow so that not one of the Emperor's knights was left alive.

Meanwhile from his tower, Saber watched them come, and seeing their many banners, feared lest the Emperor came with his host. Then did Beves guess this, and upon his highest mast he raised a streamer with his father's escutcheon, which many a time before Saber had borne to battle. Saber recognized it and understood that Beves was come into

England. Giving thanks to God, he and his knights went where the ships landed and made much joy and bliss, and there Beves told how he had tricked the Emperor. After this he asked for one bold enough to go to Hampton, and a hardy fellow offered. Very quickly the man went over the water in a boat and greeted the Emperor as he sat at supper.

'Sire Emperor,' he said, 'I bring thee tidings. That knight who supped with thee yesternight greets thee well; Gerard is no name of his, but Beves, and he claims the seignioralty of Hampton. He has come to avenge his father's death and to slay thee shamefully.'

When the Emperor heard these words he thought to kill that messenger. He hurled his knife but he could not aim, and he smote his own son who stood before the table. 'Here hast thou an evil present,' cried the messenger, 'but a worse shall betide thee!' He set spurs to his horse and galloped out of the hall door. When he came again to Wight, he told how the boy was slain, and Beves was glad for that.

Now will we leave Sir Beves and speak of Josian. In Cologne where she stayed with Beves's uncle, Earl Miles came to love her and fairly he spoke in his wooing. But Josian would not hear, and when he loudly threatened, she said: 'While I have Ascopard, of thee or thy wrath or thy boast, am I nothing afraid.'

Of a great danger that befalls Josian

Now Earl Miles wrought a trick. He caused a letter to be written, bidding Ascopard come to Beves in an island castle three miles across the water. Forth then went Ascopard quickly, and when he was come over the water and within the gate, they roped him fast. Then said Earl Miles to Josian: 'For whom now shall I forbear? To-morrow will I wed thee against thy will.' And he kissed her and sent after baron and knight to come and honour the merry feast.

Now Josian sent a messenger to Beves telling him all, but the night went and the day came and the wedding was wrought. When night drew near, supper was made ready and richly were all fed. Then did the earl command that Josian be led to her bower, and there was she sitting on her

bed when he came to her with a great company of knights, with spiced wines and merry sports. But Josian was minded otherwise, and presently she said: 'Lord, I pray thee grant me a boon. Let no man or woman come herein. Lock them out for my love.'

The earl was willing and he drove out the knights and swains, the ladies, maidens and young men, and locked the door with the key. Little he thought that he was doomed! He came again to Josian, saying: 'Lady, I have done thy prayer, and now must I draw off my own shoes, as never yet have I done!'

And how, to save herself, she kills a knight

Now that no one should see the knight's bed, a curtain was drawn on the rail-tree. Quick-thinking, Josian made in a towel a sliding knot, and threw it about his neck. She drew it up on the rail and there she let him ride all night as she lay in her bed. No wonder that she was afraid! Day came and the barons rose, and some men went to hunting and some to church and some to work. The sun shone and midday drew near. Men wondered that the earl lay so long abed, and at noon,

one of the boldest smote the door with his hand, so that it sprang open. 'Awake, Sir Miles,' he called, 'thou hast slept so long a while thine head should ache. Lady, thou shouldst make him a caudle.'

'Nay,' quoth Josian, 'I have handled him so his head will never ache more. Yesterday he wedded me wrongfully; to-night have I hung him. Do with me all your will, but never again shall he bring a woman harm.'

Great was the sorrow made then, and on that same day Josian was doomed to be burned in a tun. Outside the town a stake was set and the fuel made ready.

Across the water Ascopard watched the people, and marvelling at the tun, he broke the castle wall and plunged into the sea. He swam towards the boat of a fisherman, who thought he was some fiend and jumped out for fear. Then Ascopard rowed to land, where he met Beves, to whom he told of Miles's treachery, and together they ran forwards. Blessed be the priest who shrived Josian, because he kept her so long! In her bare smock she was standing by the fire when Beves and

Beves saves his lady from the fire

Ascopard came speeding to her. They killed all who stood about, and Beves caught up Josian on his horse and rode away. Taking ship they sailed to Wight, where Saber met them, full glad at heart.

Of his great victory over the Emperor

It came to pass now that Beves and Saber sent their summons in many lands for a great chivalry, and the Emperor, hearing of it, was terrified. His wife gave him comfort, saying he should send for his host from Almayne and to her father in Scotland. Messengers took his letters, and when came the grass of May and the merry songs of birds, there came, too, thirty thousand knights and the King of Scotland. To them the Emperor told how Saber had long troubled him, how Beves was threatening to win the land and the giant Ascopard was with him. 'But, lords,' he cried, 'arm well and we will besiege them. Though Ascopard be mighty, many hands make light work.'

They went forth quickly, and before Saber's castle they placed their guns and their pavilions, and when the Emperor heard the blowing of Saber's horn, he and

the King of Scotland led out their hosts to battle. Saber rode forth followed by three hundred bold knights. Sir Morice of Mounclere rode against him, and Saber cut him down. Then Beves came riding on Arondel, and meeting his stepfather Devoun, bore him down from his horse. With Morgelay, Beves would have beheaded him, but the Emperor's force came strongly to his rescue. Then was Beves aggrieved and he called to him Ascopard, who felled as he came both horse and man. 'The Emperor rides on a white horse,' said Beves. 'If thou bring him to me in the castle, I will reward thee well.'

The giant laid about him in such a fashion that no armour could withstand his blows. He struck the King of Scotland so that horse and man fell dead, and he went to the Emperor and caught his horse's mane, and whether he would or no, led him to the castle. Then did Saber and Beves rout all those others, and with great joy and gladness they returned to the castle. Quickly Beves had a cauldron filled with pitch and brimstone and hot lead, and when it all seethed together, put the

Emperor therein. His soul went elsewhither!

From her castle Beves's mother saw her lord in the pitch, and for her great sorrow, she fell and broke her neck. Beves was as glad of that as of his step-father's death, and most blithe was he when all the lords of Hamptonshire did fealty and homage to him. He sent quickly to Cologne, and joy did not wane when the bishop came and wedded Beves and Josian. It was a royal feast, with all manner of meat and drink and rich service.

Beves becomes a marshal to King Edgar in London.

Now having all his land, Beves went to King Edgar in London, and was made a marshal, as his father was before him. In the summer about Whitsuntide, a great course, seven miles long, was made, and on Arondel Beves raced there, and though two knights had stolen on the course ere any man knew, Beves won the thousand pounds of red gold. With that treasure and more, Beves built the castle of Arondel, and everywhere, because he had gone so well, men praised the steed.

The prince asked Beves to give it him, and when the knight would not, he planned to steal the horse. Now it is the custom for all kings to go crowned into the hall at meat, and for every marshal to bear his staff in hand, and it was while Beves did this, that the King's son went to Beves's stable. But too nigh he went to Arondel, and with his hind foot the horse dashed out the prince's brains. For this was great dole and weeping made, and the King would have had Beves hung and drawn by wild horses, but his barony would not allow it. Beves had served him, they said, and they could do no more than hang the horse.

But soon falls into great misfortune

Then did Beves vow to forswear England rather than lose his horse, and straightway he went to Hampton, and took from there Terri, Saber's son, and Josian and Ascopard.

Now when Ascopard knew which way they would take, he hastened to Mombraunt to betray Beves. Few friends has a man fallen into such poverty as had Beves! Ascopard told King Ivor that in the long time he was gone, he had been

How Ascopard turns traitor

seeking for the queen and enduring for her much trouble. 'But now, forsooth,' he said, 'I will bring her to thee, if I have forty strong knights. Beves is mighty in battle and I need help to assail him.' Ivor granted this, letting Ascopard choose the knights and arm them ere they started forth.

Now must we speak of Beves, who rode on his way through France and Normandy, where in a wood Josian fell into travail. With their swords Beves and Terri made a lodge and bore her in, since they could do no better. 'For God's love, dear lord,' she said, 'now go thy way with Terri and leave me with our Lady.'

And captures Josian for Ivor

The knights went forth together that they might not hear her pain, but alas! that they went so far. As she was delivered of two boys, Ascopard came with his Saracens, and despite her sorrow and suffering, they made her go with them. Great scorn they made of her, and beat her with their naked swords. Then that woeful lady, who had learned both physic and surgery from great masters of Cologne and Toledo, plucked up from the ground such an herb as would make a man seem a

Of her prison in the wilderness

foul leper, and they had not ridden five miles ere she seemed one. When she was brought before Ivor he commanded Ascopard to lead her away to a castle in a wilderness. There for half a year the giant fulfilled her needs and was her warden.

How Beves laments for his lady and gives his little sons into the care of a fisherman and a forester

Turn we now to Beves, who had gone to the lodge and found there naught but two fair children. He swooned then, and Terri, bitterly cursing Ascopard's treason, raised him up. They cut their cloaks of ermine and wrapped the children therein, and then leaping to their horses, rode away. In the wood they met a forester, to whom Beves gave one child, bidding him call it Guy and keep it for seven years. To a fisherman Beves gave the other, and himself named it Miles. Then again he and Terri rode on till they came to a great city and stopped at a fair inn. Looking from the window, Beves marvelled to see the street full of horses and armour, and he learned that a great tournament was being cried. Whoever should be the best knight there, would have the King's daughter and the fair country of Aumbeforce. 'Shall

we tourney?' asked Beves, and Terri cried: 'By St. Thomas of India, when did we lag behind?'

Of a tournament and the love of a great lady

With the lark's song on the morrow, the knights rose and girt them fairly. Royal were their arms, with the three bright azure eagles and the golden field flowered with red roses. As they rode through the city nobles of renown wondered at their arms, for such were never seen before in that land.

The trumpets blew and the knights rode out in a row. Madly they laid on with spear and mace, and no man knew another. Knights were hurled from their saddles and steeds were won and lost. The son of the King of Asia thought to have the prize, but Beves felled him and he was borne home upon his shield. A noble duke, Balam of Nubia, and seven earls also, Beves overthrew, and Terri won him many a good steed besides. Then would the lady of the land have taken Beves for her lord, but when he would not, she said that for seven years he should be her lord in name, and then if his wife came again, she would marry Terri.

Warned by dreams, Saber sets forth

Meanwhile in Hampton, Saber dreamt of Beves wounded, and his wife prophesied that Beves had lost his lady or child. Saber attired twelve knights in palmer's dress and their staffs were made with long steel pikes. With good wind and weather they passed over the Grecian sea till they came to the land where, men said, Ascopard held the queen. They came to the castle in the wilderness, and there they set upon the giant, and cutting him in pieces, brought Josian out of prison. With an ointment she quickly made her loathly colour turn clear and bright, and Saber dressed her in a palmer's weeds, and they went forth together to seek for Beves.

How he finds Josian and how she earned their food by minstrelsy, when he fell into sickness

Now in Greece, so says the tale, Saber fell into such great illness that for half a year he could not arise from his bed. Then Josian, because she had learned in Ermonye of minstrelsy and gay tunes, bought a fiddle for forty pence and every day thereafter wandered about the city to win her sustenance. At the half year's end they went forth, and came at last to where Beves had lived since the tournament.

At the gate Saber saw his son Terri and asked from him some gift.

'Palmer, thou shalt have rich meat,' said Terri, 'for love of my father, whom thou art like.'

'So said thy mother that I was,' quoth Saber, and then did Terri take him in his arms and make much joy. Fairly was Josian apparelled and brought to Sir Beves, to whom never came a dearer message. He sent for their children and there was joy on every side, and at that time was Terri married to the lady of the land. For so was it agreed when Beves won the tournament.

How they find Beves

Of the war with King Ivor

The tale tells next how Beves went to Ermonye, where Ivor besieged Ermin in his city, and how Beves forgave the old King his misdeed, and how he fought and captured Ivor. Then did Ivor have need to send to Tabefor, his chamberlain, for a great ransom, sixty pounds of red gold, four hundred cups of pure gold and as many of brass, ere he came out of Ermin's prison. It was after this that Ermin fell sick, and ere going from this world

crowned Sir Guy, Beves's son, and gave him his kingdom. Together, after Ermin died, Beves and Guy made Ermonye a Christian land. Then did King Ivor, swearing to make Beves atone for the ransom he had of him, steal Arondel, but Saber in cunning fashion won back the horse. Then Ivor came with a great host to besiege Beves. He cried to him: 'Sir Beves, a great company hast thou therein, and here have I many brave knights. Great slaughter will be on each side if we abide by battle. Wilt thou grant that I and thou shall fight alone? If thou slayest me, all my honour I grant thee.'

Of a joust on an island

They held up their gloves to that agreement, and putting on their bright armour, they crossed over the water to an isle by that city. There Beves asked help of Mary and her Son, and King Ivor of Mahomet and Termagant, and then they rode together angrily and their spears went through their shields. Their girths broke and both fell to ground. They flung together with their falchions, fighting from prime to undern. About midday Ivor smote off Beves's circle of gold and

crystal, and the sword, slipping down his helmet, carved off half his beard, but harmed not his flesh. The Saracens cried, 'Very soon is the great-boned Beves tamed!' but in fury the Christian knight struck Ivor on the shoulder with Morgelay, so that it pierced within. Ivor fell to his knees, then, starting up, gave such a blow that a large quarter of Beves's shield flew into the river. Yet ere he might withdraw his hand, Beves clove through his shield and cut off Ivor's left hand. Then, though Ivor fought madly, Beves cut off his right arm and the shoulder bone. 'Have mercy, Termagant, Mahomet, Jove and Jupiter!' cried Ivor: 'save me now or I die.'

'Let be that cry,' said Beves, 'and call to God and Mary, and be christened, ere thou die. Else shalt thou go the worse way and endlessly dwell in hell's strong torment.'

'Nay,' quoth Ivor, 'Christian will I never be. Mine is the better faith.'

And the death of Ivor

When Beves heard that, he felled Ivor, unlaced his ventail, struck off his head and put it on his spear. All the Christians,

who saw that sight thanked God heartily, but the Saracens were terrified. Fain were they to go to Mombraunt, but Saber made them turn and, with Beves and his sons, cut them down, so that neither great nor small escaped.

Beves returns to England after ruling in Ivor's realm

Now was Beves crowned king of Ivor's land and Josian, the fair and beautiful, was twice queen there. But one day as they rode by the river, a messenger brought tidings that King Edgar had taken Saber's lands and disinherited Robert, his son. Thereon Beves vowed courteously he would go with Saber to England, and with sixty thousand knights he crossed the sea and arrived at Southampton. Leaving the queen at Putney, he and six knights passed over the Thames to Westminster, where he found the King and asked his heritage. The King would have had peace, had not the steward of his hall cried out on Beves for a banished man and dangerous.

He fights with the London citizens

When Beves heard that, he was wroth and, leaping to his horse, rode away with his knights to Tower Street in London. There he went to meat while the steward,

his foe, with sixty knights, made a cry in Cheapside and commanded the folk for the King's sake to take Beves.

The people armed them hastily. They took their staves, barred the gates, and some went on the wall with bows and springal. Across every lane and street were drawn great chains. Now Beves beheld that crowd and the taverner told him of his danger. Then Beves armed his six knights and himself and he rode forth on Arondel. In the street the steward called to him to yield, but Beves smote him under the right side and he fell dead on the pavement. 'So shall men teach the vile gluttons,' said Beves, 'who slander good barons.'

Then the people beset Beves and his six knights on every side, but they defended them with might and killed five hundred there. With the crowd following, Beves rode to Cheapside; he would have fled through Gooselane, but he was too beset by footmen with their great clubs and strong. His knights were hewn to pieces. In that narrow lane Arondel could not turn, and Beves, with a prayer, struck the

chain across it and rode forth, the people following and shouting: 'Yield thee, Beves! Yield thee!'

'I yield to God in heaven, but to no man while I hold my weapons,' answered Beves, and then began his great battle against the city. New, fresh companies came about him, but ever Arondel fought fast and loyally, so that for forty feet behind or before, he bore the people to the ground. In a little space, Beves had killed there five thousand men.

Now to Josian in Putney came tidings that Beves was slain. Though she swooned then, she soon sent for Guy and Miles, who had gently comforted her, to avenge their father's death. On their knees they asked her blessing, then they rode in haste to London. At the gate, so the French tale says, they found men armed to the teeth, but they made clean work of them and set the gate on fire. Then they rode on, and as a wicked Lombard hit Beves with a huge club on his steel helmet, so that for anguish he leaned to the saddle bow, Guy drew his sword and smote the fellow down. Then

The sons of Beves come to his rescue

came his brother Miles, and Beves thanked Jesus, our Saviour, for such good succour. Eagerly he assailed the people, and so many there were slain that the Thames ran blood-red. At nightfall they went to London Hall, and Josian was brought there with a fair company. For fourteen nights a feast was held for all who would come

Now did tidings come to King Edgar that Beves had slain his men, and great woe he made for them. 'Long have I lived my life without war,' he said, 'and now am I fallen into old age, and can not wield weapons more. Since Beves hath two sons, it comes into my thought to let Miles take my daughter and in this manner make peace.'

Peace is made with King Edgar

All this was brought to pass, and Miles and the maiden were wed in the town of Nottingham, and as royal was the feast as it should be at a marriage and a king's crowning. For it was agreed that, after Edgar's day, Miles should have all England. Then did Beves take his leave, giving his earldom to his uncle Saber. In Ermonye he left his son Guy with his gallant barons, and Terri at Aumbeforce, and went him-

self without delay to Mombraunt, where he was king.

Now without grief or care, the book says, Beves lived there with Queen Josian for twenty years, when such sickness fell upon the lady, she must wend from the world. She sent for Guy and Terri to be at her parting, and when they were all there, Beves fared to his stable. There he found Arondel dead, and woefully going back to her chamber, he saw Josian was drawn near to death. He wrapped his arms about her body ere it grew cold, and together there, they died. Then would Guy not have it they should be buried in earth, but he reared to St. Lawrence a fair marble chapel with golden corners, and therein he laid them both; and to sing for them he founded a house of religious. May God have pity on their souls and on Arondel's too, if men may pray for a horse. !

Of a noble burial

Thus endeth Beves of Hamtoun
God geve vs alle His benesoun.
Amen.

Spottiswoode & Co. Ltd., Printers, Colchester, London and Eton.

ARTHURIAN ROMANCES UNREPRESENTED IN MALORY. Minuscule 4to volumes. Printed on handmade paper. Bound in special art linen, with design in three colours. Translated by JESSIE L. WESTON.

I. **Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.** A Middle-English Romance retold in modern prose, with Introduction and Notes. With designs by M. M. CRAWFORD. 1898. 2*s*. net.

II. **Tristan and Iseult.** Rendered into English from the German of Gottfried of Strassburg. With designs by CAROLINE WATTS. Two vols. 1899. 4*s*. net.

III. **Guingamor; Lanval; Tyolet; Le Bisclaveret.** Four *Lais* rendered into English prose from the French of MARIE DE FRANCE and others. With designs by CAROLINE WATTS. 1900. 2*s*. net.

IV. **Morien.** Translated for the first time from the original Dutch. With frontispiece and designed title-page by CAROLINE WATTS. 1901. 2*s*. net.

V. **Le Beaus Desconnus. Cligès.** Two Old English Metrical Romances rendered into prose. With designs by CAROLINE M. WATTS. 1902. 2*s*. net.

VI. **Sir Gawain at the Grail Castle.** Three Versions from the Conte del Graal, Diu Crône, and the Prose Lancelot. 1903. 2*s*. net.

VII. **Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys.** Translated for the first time from Wauchier de Denain's section of the Conte del Graal. 1907. 2*s*. net.

DAVID NUTT, 57–59 LONG ACRE, W.C.

MEDIÆVAL LEGENDS, being translations from German Volksbücher of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by MRS. LEIGHTON.

I. **The Life and Death of Dr. Johann Faustus**, Professor of the Black Art, as played by the Kasperle Company. 16mo. Red and black wrapper. 1893. 1*s.* net.

II. **Virgilius the Sorcerer.** 16mo. Red and black cover. 1893. 1*s.*

III-VII. **Five Legends**, being a gift-book to the children of England of Old World Tales from France and Germany. (Melusina. Æsop. The Seven Swabians. Fleur and Blanchefleur. Duke Ernest.) 8vo. 1895. viii, 275 pp. Cloth. 3*s.* 6*d.*

MARIE DE FRANCE. Seven *Lais* done into English for the first time, with Introduction and Notes by EDITH RICKERT. With frontispiece and designed title-page by CAROLINE WATTS. Miniscule 4to. xii, 196 pp. In the binding of 'Arthurian Romances.' 3*s.* net.

Contents: Guigemar—The Ash Tree—The Honeysuckle—The Nightingale—The Two Lovers—Yonec—Eliduc.

MANSFIELD (Mary). The Tale of Queen Rosana and her Son Aulimento. A Translation of a Florentine Chronicle. Miniscule 4to. In the binding of the 'Arthurian Romances.' 2*s.* net.

SACHS (Hans). The Merry Tales. Translated in verse by WILLIAM LEIGHTON. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net.

DAVID NUTT, 57–59 LONG ACRE, W.C.

Wolf Ball

14 DAY USE
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED
LOAN DEPT.
RENEWALS ONLY—TEL. NO. 642-3405
This book is due on the last date stamped below, or on the date to which renewed.
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

MAY 20 1969 4 ¢
RECEIVED
JUN 2 '69-10 AM
LOAN DEPT.
NOV 7 1974 8 3
REC. CIR. NOV 30 '78
JUL 22 1976 X
Aug 22 1976
Sept. 22 1976
Oct 21 1976

APR 21 1977
OCT 21 1977
REC. CIR. SEP 5 '78
REC. CIR. FEB 4 '77

YB 76679

392478

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY